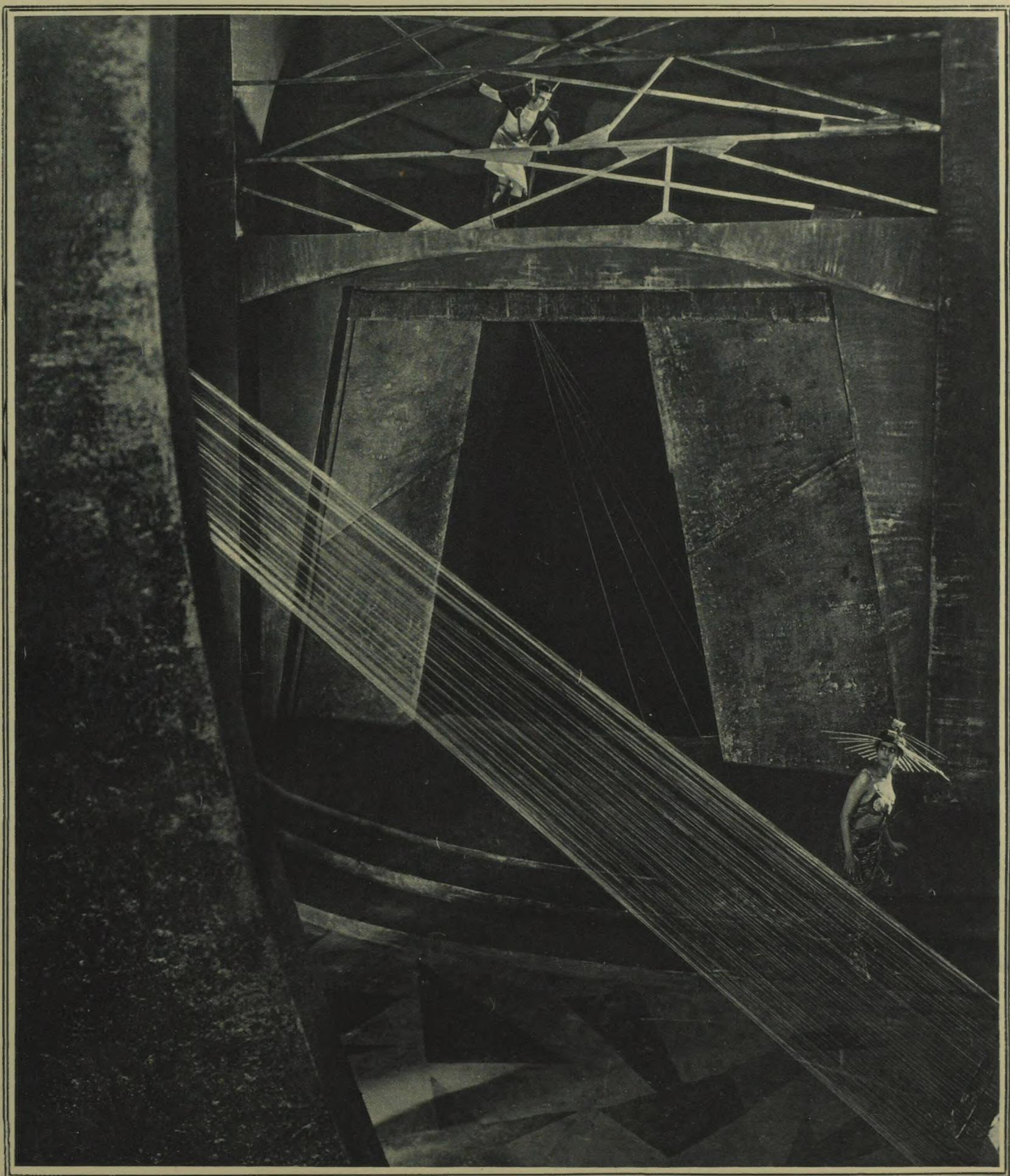


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1926.

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A RUSSIAN FILM RIVAL TO WELLSIAN ROMANCE: A FANTASTIC SCENE IN MARS, FROM "AELETA," A REMARKABLE PICTURE-PLAY RECENTLY PRODUCED IN MOSCOW.

We illustrate here, and on a later page, a remarkable new Russian film entitled "Aelita," based on a novel of the same name by Alexei Tolstoi, a son of the celebrated Tolstoi. The plot, which suggests affinities with the romances of H. G. Wells, turns on the invention by a Martian scientist of a method of communicating with the Earth, and of the love of the Martian king's daughter

for a terrestrial engineer. Finally, there breaks out an inter-planetary war. In the above photograph are Mlle. Soljuzewa as Aelita and (at the top) Mr. K. N. Eggert as her father, King Tuskubuok. Fuller details of this interesting production, with its "jazz" architectural effects, are given in a note under the other illustrations.—[PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY FRANCIS C. FUERST, VIENNA.]

ACTED ENTIRELY BY MAORIS: "THE ROMANCE OF HINE-MOA," A NEW FILM.



"THE FIRST FEATURE PHOTO-PLAY" PRODUCED IN NEW ZEALAND: A CHIEF, BEARING HIS "SCEPTE," ASKING FOR THE HAND OF HINE-MOA.



ONE OF THE MANY RECONSTRUCTIONS OF OLD MAORI LIFE TO BE SEEN IN THE FILM, "THE ROMANCE OF HINE-MOA": A NATIVE DANCE BY MAORIS.



THE CUSTOMARY SALUTATION BETWEEN FRIENDS: PLACING THE NOSES TOGETHER AND MURMURING A WELCOME.



LITTLE MAORI FILM ACTORS AND ACTRESSES: CHILDREN WHO APPEARED IN CROWD SCENES.



PLAYING "CAT'S CRADLE": THE MAORI PRINCESS, HINE-MOA, HEROINE OF THE LEGEND, WITH HER ATTENDANTS.



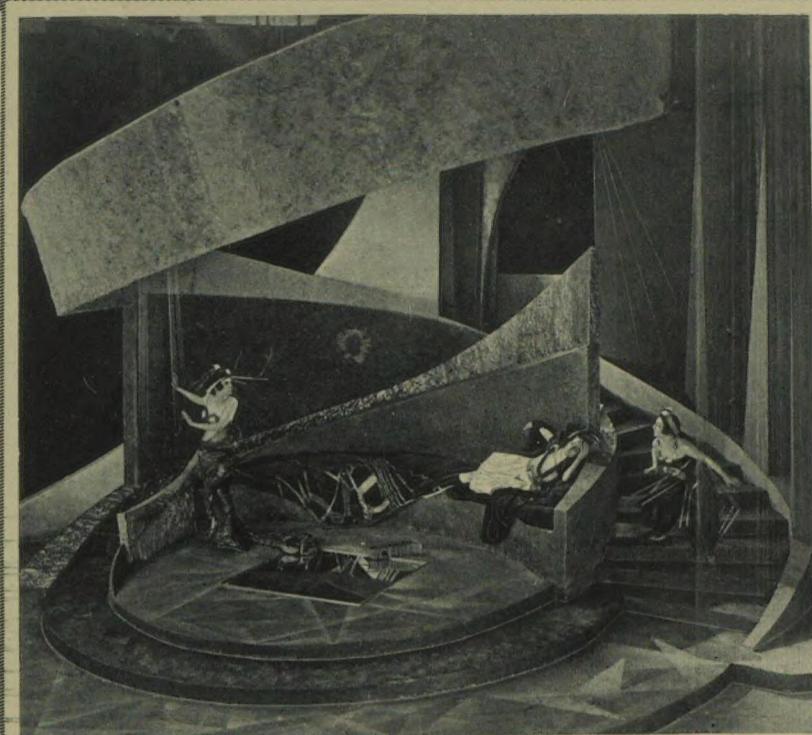
TYPES OF MAORI ARISTOCRACY: A CHIEF AND CHIEFTAINESS WHO TOOK PART IN THE FILM.

"The Romance of Hine-Moa," which was presented for the first time at the New Gallery Kinema on December 16, was acted entirely by Maoris, and is described as "the first feature photo-play to be produced in New Zealand." It tells one of the oldest and most cherished of Maori legends. Tutanekai, son of Whakane, Chief of the Ngati, fell in love with Hine-Moa, daughter of Umukarai, Chief of the Arawas. Tai, of the Arawas, was jealous, challenged his rival and was defeated, and, in revenge, saw to it that the newcomer was accused of theft, and seemed guilty. Whereupon Tutanekai was thrust into a cave from which he could only

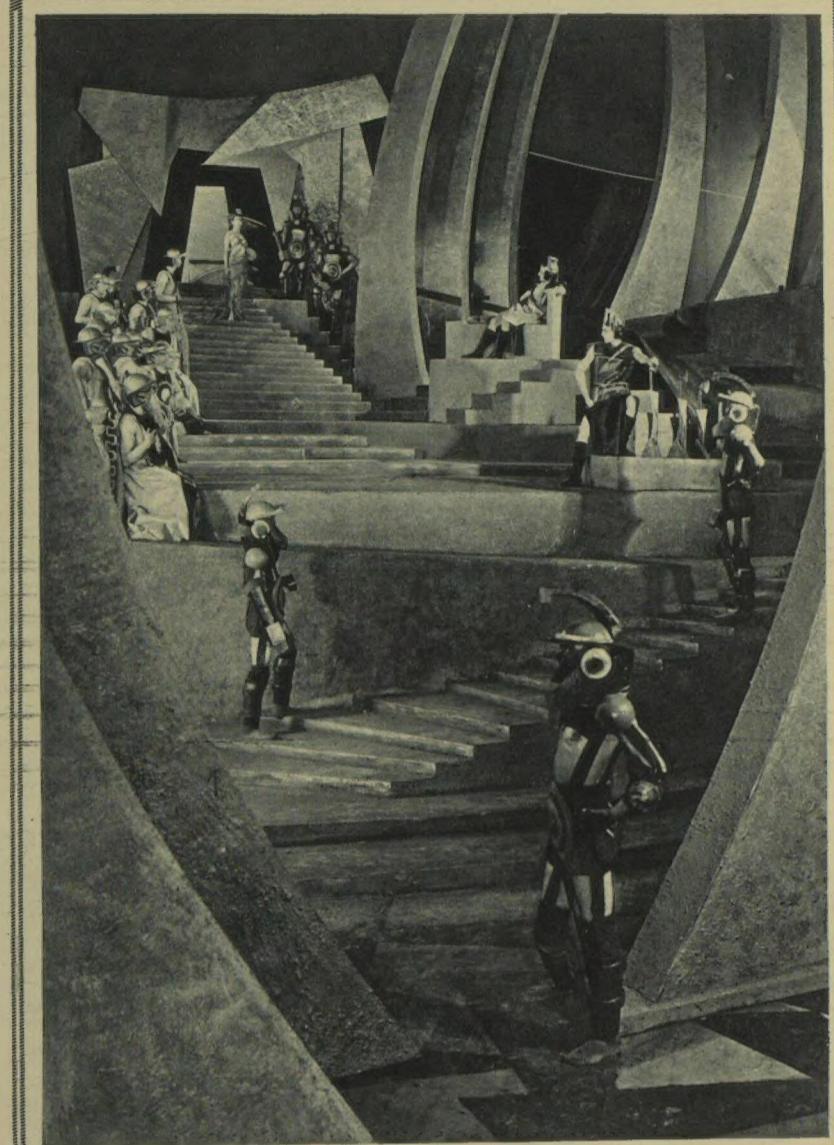
escape by passing over "scorching rocks and trembling earth, through choking sulphur fumes and streaming lava, and by tremendous pools of boiling mud and scalding gushers, trusting to his gods to prove his innocence by sending him forth in safety." Now, it happened that Tutanekai did escape. Many months passed, and then in due time Hine-Moa, still very much in love, swam the waters of Lake Rotorua to join the man of her choice. Thus all ended happily. The film was photographed in the area about Lake Rotorua, and the Valley of Fire was represented by the crater of the active volcano Whakaari.

ACTED BY RUSSIANS IN MOSCOW: A WEIRD SOVIET FILM.

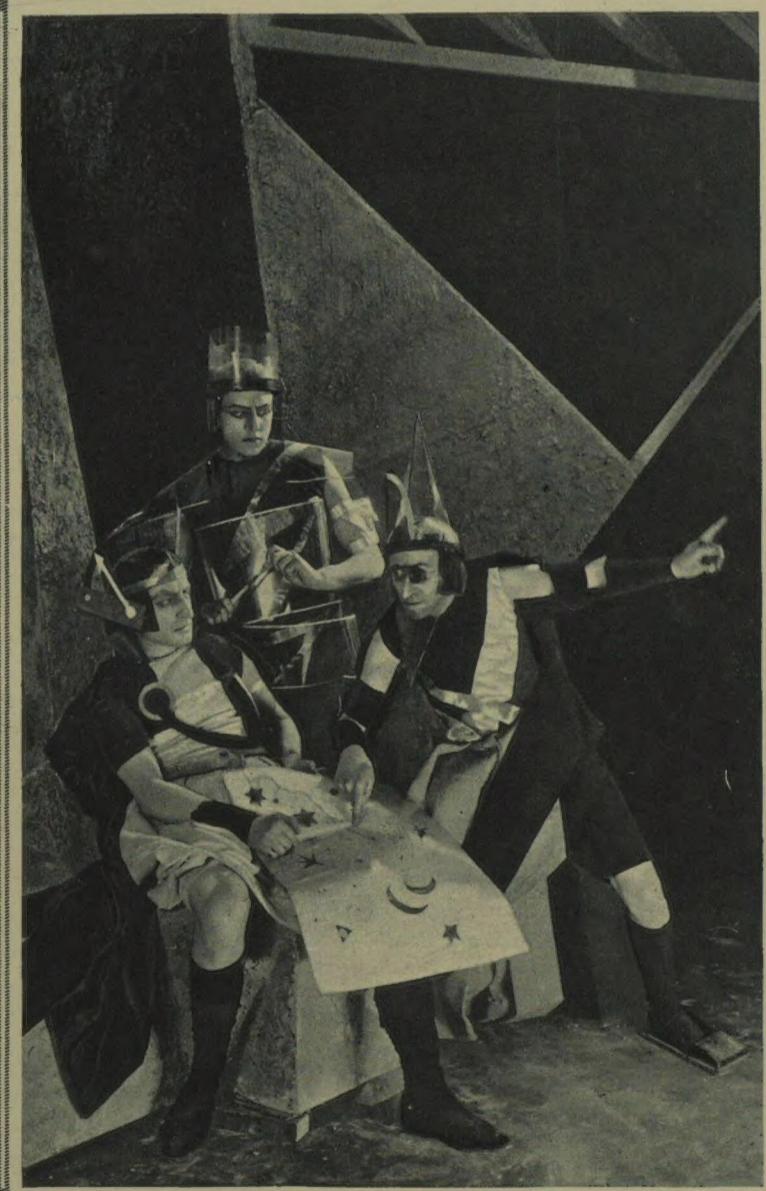
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY FRANCIS C. FUERST, VIENNA.



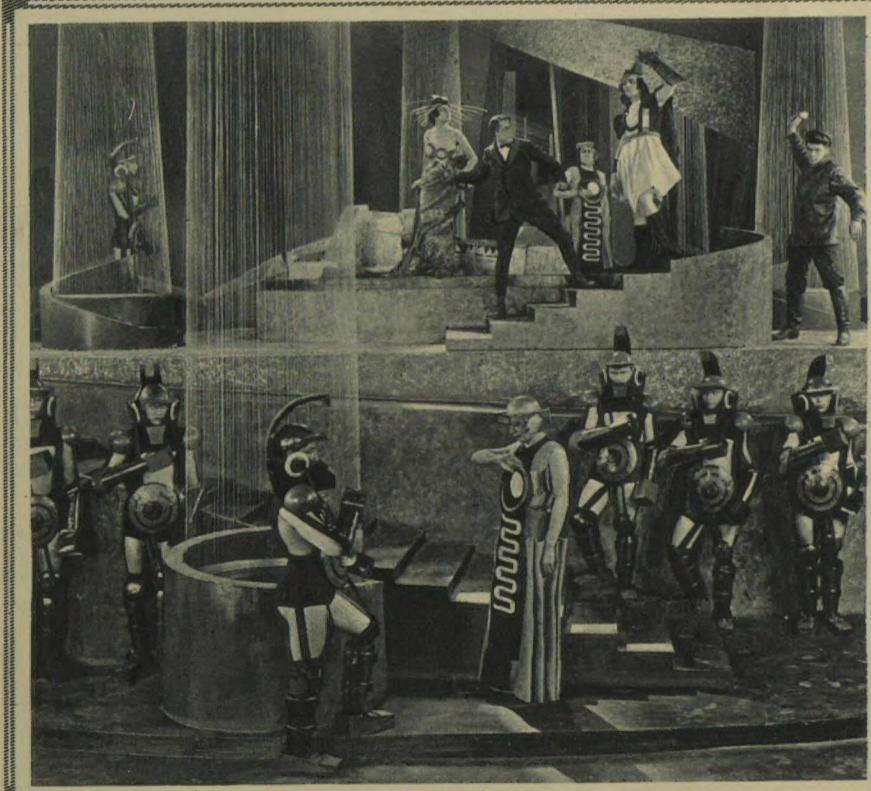
FOUNDED ON A "WELLSIAN" STORY BY TOLSTOI'S SON ALEXEI: THE NEW RUSSIAN FILM "AELITA"—A SCENE IN MARS, WITH AELITA PLAYING A HARP TO HER FATHER, KING TUSKUBUOK, AND A GIRL DANCING.



AELITA (Mlle. SOLJUZEWKA) MAKES HER ENTRANCE (AT TOP OF STEPS IN BACKGROUND): A STRIKING SCENE OF THE FILM, WITH "JAZZ" MARTIAN ARCHITECTURE AND COSTUME



GOR, A MONOCLED MARTIAN SCIENTIST, EXPLAINS TO TUSKUBUOK (K. N. EGGERT, SEATED, WITH STAR CHART) HIS SCHEME FOR COMMUNICATING WITH THE EARTH.



AELITA AND HER TERRESTRIAL LOVER, THE ENGINEER LYESS (CENTRE BACKGROUND) WATCHING GUSSYEW, A SOLDIER FROM EARTH, THROW A HAND-GRENADE AMONG MARTIAN WARRIORS, WHEREON "REVOLUTION BEGINS."

The remarkable Russian film, "Aelita," illustrated here and on the front page in this number, is founded on a novel of the same name by Alexei Tolstoi, son of the famous Leo Tolstoi. It has just been produced in Moscow, we learn, by the leading Russian film company, known as Meschrabpom Russ, under the direction of Stanislawsky. The story appears to have certain affinities with Mr. H. G. Wells's romance "The War of the Worlds," though the Russian author's Martians, it will be seen, are of a very different and human type. The following outline of the plot accompanies the photographs. Gor (a Martian

scientist) devises means of communicating with the Earth, and Aelita, the beautiful daughter of Tuskubuk, ruler of the Martians, sets her heart on a terrestrial lover, an engineer named Lyess, whom she succeeds in having brought to Mars. With him comes a simple soldier called Gussyew, who has just returned from the war and has lost all his possessions. Various love affairs ensue, and finally there is war between Mars and the Earth—the main episode. The leading parts are played by Mlle. Soljuzewka (Aelita) and Mr. K. N. Eggert (Tuskubuk). This actor is also known by his performance as "principal" in "The Bear's Wedding."



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

WITH the approach of Christmas I have pondered again the problem of why old Christmas carols are so good when most modern Christian hymns are so bad. The latter is an excruciating enigma in itself; but perhaps one not to be dealt with except delicately in this place. It is not because our religious poetry is necessarily bad. Most of the best poetry in the world was and is still religious poetry; but that does not explain the appalling difference between Marlowe's great description of the red sunset as the blood of Christ streaming in the sky and the actual literary quality of "There is a fountain filled with blood." The early carol-singers almost invariably had, what the more modern hymn-writers emphatically have not, a certain natural carriage and distinction of diction; what we have come to call style.

There is an old carol about St. Stephen, who was (it would appear) an important official at the Court of King Herod. I do not give this piece of information as dogma, or part of the deposit of faith, or as absolutely binding upon Christian men; nor, indeed, do I give it as the result of my own historical researches, or as something proved by recent excavations in Palestine, or as the very latest result of the Higher Criticism, though some of its results are very much more improbable. I accept the poet's assurance that St. Stephen was a clerk "in King Herode's hall," in a certain spirit which is necessary for the appreciation of this very fine sort of literature. The first necessity is to have a certain affection for anachronism. It is right in all religious art that times should be telescoped together. Anachronism is only the pedantic word for eternity.

Thus, when the carol says that St. Stephen came into Herod's hall with "the boar's head on hand," it conceived that servitor as serving up a complete and comfortable Christmas dinner for King Herod. Some will say that this was rather an early meal of the sort to serve. But the same can be found in any really good modern carol, as in one of Mr. Belloc's where the innkeeper is represented as refusing the Holy Family in the words—

Poor folk, said he, must sleep where they may
For the Duke of Jewry comes this way
With all his train on a Christmas Day.

And I do not doubt that some very learned man at Cambridge has already written to correct this error, and point out that Mr. Belloc is probably unaware that Christmas means the Mass of Christ and was not in general use in the time of the Idumean monarch. I have known very learned men at Cambridge write things quite as funny. But this apparent confusion of periods is as deliberate in the modern carol-writer as it was instinctive in the earlier master of that craft. They really meant that there is a feast of Herod, or of the Duke of Jewry, going on all the time; and that there is in a sense a salutation at Bethlehem going on all the time. He really meant that a king as bad as Herod might have the boar's head carried before him at any Christmas feast. And when St. Stephen is asked whether there "lacketh him food and drink in King Herode's hall," he answers with a certain abruptness, which admirably expresses the deep division between the two things that are always contemporary—

Lacketh me neither meat nor drink
In King Herode's hall.
There is a child in Bethlem born
Is better than we all.

There is a sort of logical break, an inconsequence, between the first and the second couplet, which profoundly conveys the fact that the two things are incommensurate. It is not for him a matter of chronological sequence. It is a question of every man standing like Stephen, conscious that each can coexist with its counterpart and even its contrary. When King Herod was represented in the mediæval miracle plays, he wore the crown of a mediæval king; and probably wore it sideways, like the hat of a music-hall comedian. He was made a buffoon; but he was made a mediæval buffoon, and even a royal mediæval buffoon. There was nothing antiquarian about these antiquated persons. They did not try to "reconstruct" the costume of an Idumean prince under the suzerainty of Cæsar Augustus. Yet

smug piety, they always combined them with the instinct of sound poetry. There is no proof of this to those who have no sense of what is meant by sound poetry. It will never be demonstrated to people who do not know what poetry is; and it will never need to be demonstrated to people who do know what it is. But any of the latter will know what I mean when I say that there is instinctive selection in lines like those about the shepherd: "He put his hand under his hood; he saw a star as red as blood." The historical expert will earnestly question whether a shepherd at Bethlehem would have worn a mediæval hood. The Higher Critic will doubt whether there is any real historical evidence for the star of Bethlehem having been bright red. The person who understands these things will simply recognise that he is dealing with a poet.

It is the same when we come to things counted more incongruous. The legendary gifts of the Three Shepherds are really quite as poetical as the recorded gifts of the Three Kings. The writer of the mediæval carol

would doubtless have been mildly surprised if he had read my analysis of his intentions in this article. But so, very probably, would Shakespeare have been very much surprised if he had read the critical explanations of the purpose of his plays; or Botticelli been very much surprised if he had read the artistic analysis of his pictures. It is one thing to be able to do something, and quite another to be able to discuss how it is done. But that does not mean that Shakespeare wrote his plays by accident, or that Botticelli threw his paints anywhere at the canvas. The poet made an instinctive but imaginative selection when he introduced that thundering on the closed door of the guilty house of Macbeth; the painter made an instinctive but imaginative selection when he introduced a silvery light filtering through the thin plantation of trees seen under the shed of Bethlehem. And the carol-writer made an instinctive but imaginative selection when he made the shepherd offer his pipe like a toy to the Holy Child.

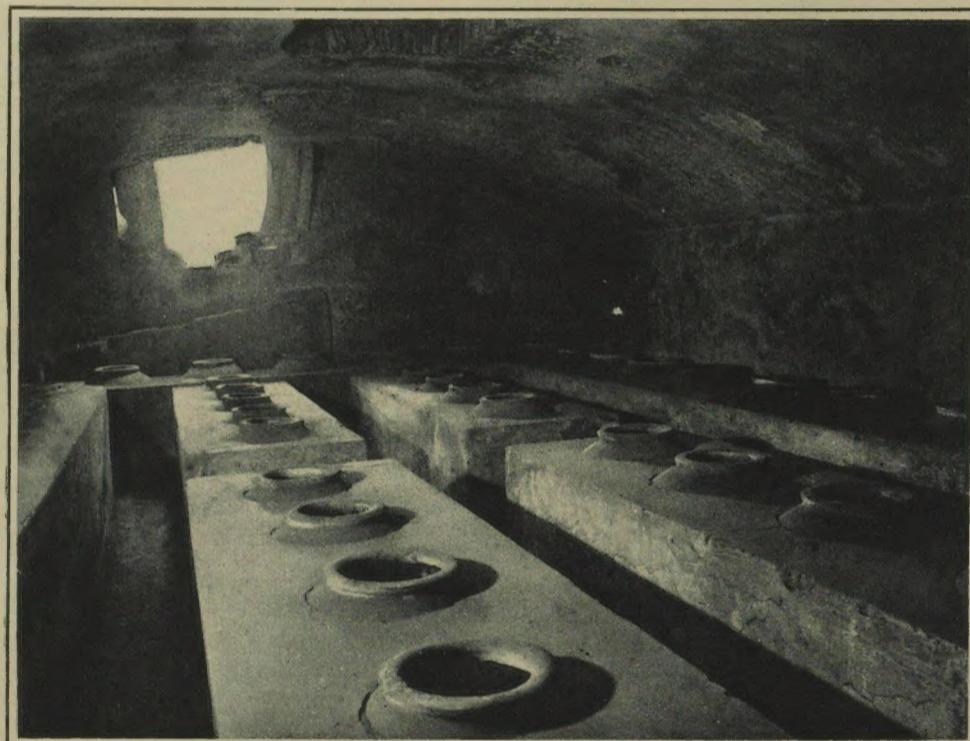
Lastly, there is a quality in these mediæval songs that can only be expressed by the mediæval word "lusty." There is a grand and even gigantic gusto,

which is never found in modern moral and religious poetry, or only very seldom, and in people of the same tradition. The good news seems to be not only really good but really new. It is hailed with a sort of shout; not with a mere chorus of congratulation, like a recognised occasion of rejoicing. One of the carols has for a sort of rowdy refrain the more or less meaningless halloo of "Ut hoy!" Even in reading it on a printed page after five hundred years, it is impossible not to have a sort of illusion that we are hearing the loud but distant hail of some hearty shepherd far away upon the hills. If it is ever sung, that chorus can hardly be sung too loud. I will not attempt to inquire here why the mediæval carol, as distinct from the modern hymn, could manage to achieve the resounding reality of that shout. I should be inclined to suggest that some part of it may have been due to men really believing that there was something to shout about. But certainly the spirit of Christmas is in these songs more than in any other literature that has since been produced; and if I am forbidden by good taste to express myself in theological terms, I will confine myself to saying in a loud voice, "Ut hoy!"

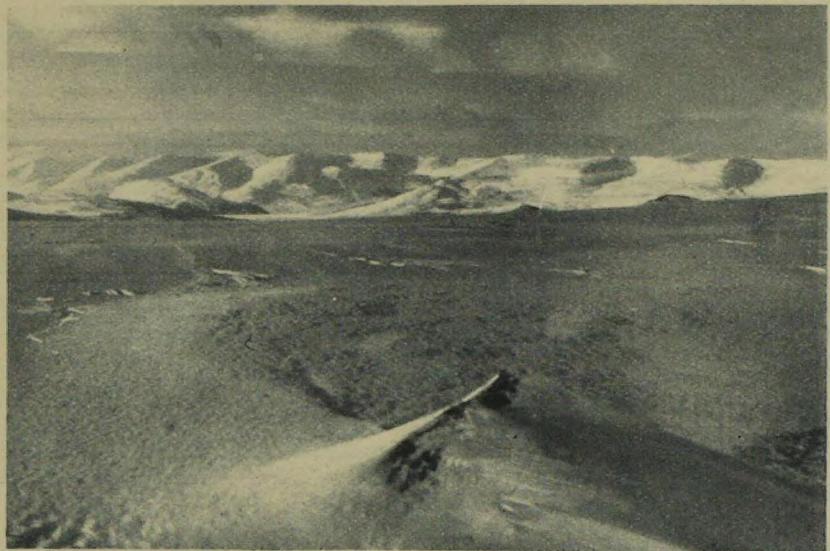
it was not always ignorance; it was sometimes rather a profound and philosophical indifference. They instinctively insisted on the brotherhood of men across the ages.

After the artistic truth that is called anachronism, the next artistic quality is what many would call an innocent incongruity. But it is not incongruity; it is rather a comic congruity. It is the art of the grotesque; but many critics forget that the art of the grotesque is an art. Caricature depends on proportion as much as classical design. Even much more frivolous forms of the grotesque illustrate this truth. The Mock Turtle may be a mixture of different animals, but not a mixture of any animals, or all animals. The Mad Hatter may have a moderately and reasonably mad hat; but he must not have a hat too mad to be recognised as a hat at all. Real people may wear hats of that sort, but unreal people have to be more reasonable. There must be a shape, a design, and a relation in fantastic form.

Now, although the old Christmas poets combined many things that sound profane or preposterous to a



A REMARKABLE PARALLEL BETWEEN MEDIÆVAL AND MINOAN METHODS OF STORAGE: HUGE JARS FOR OIL AND GRAIN, EMBEDDED IN MASONRY, BROUGHT TO LIGHT DURING RECENT REPAIRS TO THE CASTEL ST. ANGELO AT ROME, AND RESEMBLING THOSE FOUND AT KNOSSOS. These rows of colossal jars, embedded in long blocks of masonry, form part of great subterranean magazines for oil, grain, and other victuals built beneath the famous mausoleum of the Emperor Hadrian by Pope Alexander VI. (1492-1503), when he strengthened the Castle defences. It was he who put to death Savonarola. The jars hold about 5000 gallons, not very much less than the *pithoi* found by Sir Arthur Evans in the ancient Minoan palace at Knossos, in Crete.—[Photograph by Signor Moscioni, supplied by Professor Halbherr.]



IN A SKI-ING GROUND OF THE BRITISH ISLES: LOOKING TOWARDS KINGUSSIE AND THE MONADHLIATH MOUNTAINS, INVERNESS-SHIRE.



WHERE THE SCOTTISH SKI-ING CLUB PUT UP A JUMP: BY LOCH ERICHT, A DISTRICT WHICH MAY BECOME AS FAMOUS FOR SKI-RUNNING AS IT IS FOR TROUT-FISHING.



SKI-ING TIME IN THE GRAMPIANS: A SKI-RUNNER LOOKING AT LOCH LAGGAN FROM MEALL LIATH.

SKI-ING IN SCOTLAND: A HOME WINTER-SPORTS RESORT.



SCOTLAND IN HER SWISS-WINTER-SPORTS MOOD: A SKI-RUNNER MAKING FOR THE SKI JUMP PUT UP BY THE SCOTTISH SKI-ING CLUB ABOVE LOCH ERICHT.



AT BREAK OF DAY IN SCOTLAND: A SKI-RUNNER'S TRACKS IN THE VIRGIN SNOW

The correspondent who sends us these photographs illustrating Scotland as a winter-sports resort writes: "It is possible to ski in the Highlands every winter. At some time or another there is always a heavy fall of snow, making ski-ing good, even in the valleys; but on the tops of the mountains the snow lasts well towards the summer, and even March and April may be good for such mountains as the Cairngorms. The neighbourhood of Loch Ericht is a very good centre, and the Scottish Ski-ing Club have put up a jump there." To which it may

be added that Loch Ericht is in Inverness-shire. In "The Illustrated London News" of January 19, 1924, we illustrated the Cairngorms as a "Winter Sport Eldorado," and Captain H. H. M. Spink then wrote that, once suitable accommodation were provided, there was no reason why the Cairngorms should not come into their own as the true nursery of British ski-ing, "a hardy training-ground, which . . . will one day produce a breed of ski-ers who will show the world that in this, as in other sports, we can more than hold our own."

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD": PASTORAL SCENES NEAR BETHLEHEM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AMERICAN COLONY, JERUSALEM. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



"HE MAKETH ME TO LIE DOWN IN GREEN PASTURES; HE LEADETH ME BESIDE THE STILL WATERS": THE PSALMIST'S SPRING AMONG THE JUDÆAN HILLS NEAR BETHLEHEM.



"HE RESTORETH MY SOUL; HE LEADETH ME IN THE PATHS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS": SHEEP AND SHEPHERDS BESIDE A SPRING IN THE AIN FARAH GORGE, THE TRADITIONAL SCENE OF THE 23RD PSALM OF DAVID.

Close to Bethlehem, the scene of the first Christmas, is a spring known as David's Well, associated by tradition with the story told in the Second Book of Samuel (xxiii, 14-17). "The garrison of the Philistines," we read, "was then in Bethlehem. And David longed and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate. And the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well . . . and brought it to David: nevertheless, he would not

drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord." The spring in the rocky valley of Ain Farah, near Jerusalem, is said to be the scene of the 23rd Psalm of David, which begins: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness . . . Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

"THE CITY OF DAVID, WHICH IS CALLED BETHLEHEM."

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SHOWING (IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND) THE TALL TOWER OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, MARKING THE PLACE OF CHRIST'S BIRTH : BETHLEHEM AS IT IS TO-DAY, LITTLE CHANGED SINCE THE TIME OF THE CRUSADES.



"AND THERE WERE IN THE SAME COUNTRY SHEPHERDS ABIDING IN THE FIELD, KEEPING WATCH OVER THEIR FLOCK BY NIGHT": THE SHEPHERDS' FIELD NEAR BETHLEHEM AS IT IS NOW—THE TRADITIONAL SCENE OF THE ANGEL'S APPEARANCE AT THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

"The city of David, which is called Bethlehem," where Christ was born, and the Angel of the Lord announced his birth to the shepherds (as related in the second chapter of St. Luke) is one of the least changed cities of Palestine. The very dress of its women and the mode of life of its inhabitants is that of the period of the Crusaders. Bethlehem was the home of Boaz and Naomi, and here was consummated the beautiful idyll of the Book of Ruth. Bethlehem was also the home of Jesse and David, and here the latter was anointed by the

prophet. The tall tower seen in the centre of the picture is the Church of the Nativity, marking the site of the place where Christ was born. The Shepherds' Field at Bethlehem lies a mile or so away from the city, and tradition has long pointed to this spot as the place where the shepherds watched their flocks on that momentous night. The field is surrounded by a low wall, and within its boundaries is a grotto or cave—probably at one time used as a water cistern—which has been converted into a chapel.

At the Sign of St. Paul's

By JOHN OWEN.

"Piece" Work. Christmas is the occasion on which the Philistine consents to buy poetry, by which he means a series of verses in sets of four lines, the second and fourth of which are under the severest compulsion to rhyme. Christmas volumes of this character in the days of our grandparents contained what were known as "pieces." The word has, indeed, passed into that sort of comic social slang which we cultivate so much to-day: we refer to the painful orator, waiting to discharge himself of a prepared address, as about to "say his little piece." But of old "the piece" meant a "piece of poetry." It was learnt at school, and recited in the drawing-room at Christmas parties, a sort of sop to elder intruders upon infant joy; and it might have had admirable results in cultivating a love for verse if the numbers learnt had not been so meticulously confined to work of one character and quality. These "pieces" celebrated such things as the misdirected sense of filial piety in Casabianca, or the one-idea'd fury of that ascending imbecile Excelsior, or that noisome young woman who, being about to be gazetted Queen of the May, sought to make of her unfortunate mother a sort of human alarm clock; or there was that intolerable pseudo-painter and confidence trickster, the Lord of Burleigh. How well our parents knew them all. Well, well, they are no more! We have abandoned "Elegant Extracts," which now share with "Gems of Poetry" a neglected mausoleum. In their place we have some admirable collections of modern verse. Our schools, "prep" or elementary, are inspired by a more generous literary scholarship, and their pupils no longer labour upon "piece" work.

But occasionally, on the shelf beside the "Elegant Extracts" and the "Poems for Young People," there appeared a book of travel or one dealing with "the wonders of the world." I have before me such a work, published in 1859, and touching upon a variety of themes from the Pyramids to Euston Station, which was then a "Wonder," if not one of the Seven Wonders! But the Seven Wonders themselves were not forgotten by the editor of this excellent, informing, and amusing book. The young reader is reminded that the Temple of Diana at Ephesus is one of the Seven. Also, he is afforded some lessons in the philosophy of history. The vanity of egotism is illustrated for him by the story of the incendiary who sought, by destroying the first temple, to "immortalise his name"; while the mutability of humanly-created things is pointed from the fact that "all that constituted the splendour of this edifice; its columns, of which 127 were the gifts of kings; its works of art, comprising the masterpieces of Apelles and Praxiteles, have disappeared." Perhaps some of these treasures may now come to light. The announcement that Teutonic archaeological energy is at work upon the old foundations of Ephesus, that a catacomb has just been dug out in which Christians were buried, and that it is believed that we may be presented with a new version of the story of the Seven Sleepers, will serve to remind us that we have a little forgotten this once famous city in our preoccupation with astonishing and immensely varied discoveries in Egypt.

A "Boxing" Competition. Virtue, being its own reward, is, I suppose, its own Christmas box; and the admirable postal officials of a London suburb who last year decided that they would accept nothing from the public will be comforted by the thought that, if their material pockets are empty, their spiritual are full of a comfortable and well-deserved self-esteem. It is assumed that we do not like giving Christmas boxes, whereas the truth is that, if we are not mere victims of importunity, and when we know that a small amount will give pleasure, we like giving. The study of the psychology of benevolence has always yielded amusing results:

The Prostitution of St Paul's at the close of the 17th Century—Marketing and trading of all kinds were carried on in the Church itself.



some men have even been annoyed to discover the happiness they have had from the little benefits they have conferred. They did not know that Beneficence offers several joyous paradoxes: and this, that by giving to others we are but giving to ourselves, is the best paradox of all. So let us have our half-crowns ready.

A Christmas box seems

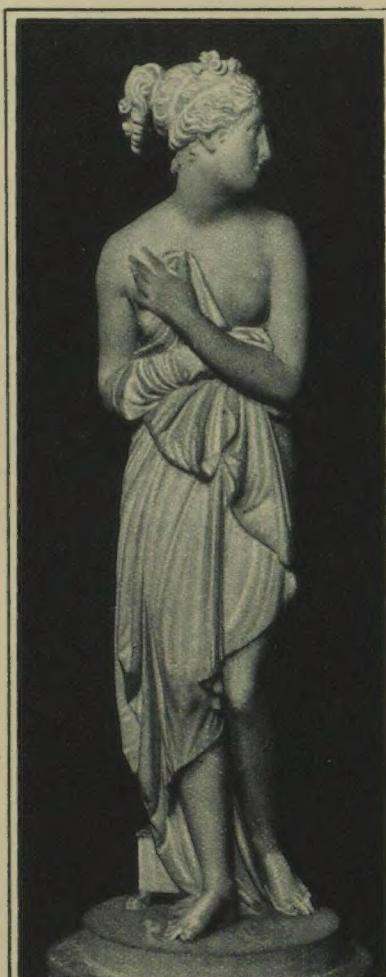
to me to be legitimate where it is a modest recognition of services that would in any case be rendered, and in precisely the same manner, whether the gratuity were bestowed or not. A Christmas box is illegitimate when it is offered to purchase a service, or to obtain a

"Ordinance by William Sevenok, the Mayor, and the aldermen forbidding any valet or other servant of the Mayor, Sheriffs, or the City thenceforth to beg for money from tradespeople at Christmas time, under colour of an 'oblation,' as heretofore they had been accustomed to do with threats and promises." Thus did the City impose its own Act for the Prevention of Corruption.

The Home Fires.

Christmas and New Year superstitions are, I suppose, endless.

That familiar investigator of our habits and customs, the first literary American to inspect us (and certainly the kindest), Washington Irving, to whom all England was a delight and the Christmas of England the greatest delight of all—was very much impressed by what he seems to have been taught to call the Yule "Clog." It is, he says, brought into the house with great ceremony and lighted with a brand of last year's "clog." "If a squinting person come to the house while it is burning, or a person barefooted, it is considered an ill-omen." He does not mention the superstition which requires that the log must be kept burning right through the night. If the fire died out before morning, bad luck was certain to befall. So that, even five hundred years ago, we had adopted that admirable domestic "slogan," so familiar in the war, that bade us "keep the home fires burning." When morning came, the flame was put out, and the remains kept to light next year's log. "With the last year's brand light the new block," says Herrick, who turned the bright beam of his genius upon the customs of the century in which he lived.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE SCULPTOR'S SECOND VERSION OF THE SAME SUBJECT RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT BUCHAREST (SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION): CANOVA'S FAMOUS STATUE, "VENUS RISING FROM THE BATH," IN THE PITTI GALLERY AT FLORENCE.

Canova's "Venus" at Florence is said to represent, in idealised Greek style, the features of Napoleon's sister, Princess Pauline Borghese.

quality of service which is likely to be denied to the person who does not give.

That in other times Christmas boxes were capable of being a hideous nuisance there can be no question, and one of the worst forms of this kind of blackmail was levied upon tradesmen by the senior servants in great houses. It is interesting to find how early it was sought to suppress these things. For instance, in the books of the City of London, to which I have before alluded, under a date of that excellent King, Henry V., we discover this entry:



RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT BUCHAREST AND NOW IN VIENNA, FOR SALE AT A "GIGANTIC" PRICE: A STATUE IDENTIFIED AS CANOVA'S SECOND VERSION OF HIS "VENUS RISING FROM THE BATH" AT FLORENCE (SEE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION) AND PROBABLY THAT EXECUTED FOR LUCIEN BONAPARTE. This statue was recently bought by a Rumanian gentleman, ignorant of its authorship. Unable to convey it to his own apartments, he placed it in the Rumanian Motorists' Club at Bucharest, where it was identified as Canova's work by an art expert, who bought it with the aid of a Swiss financier and took it to Vienna. It is now in the Austrian Gallery at the Belvedere Park, and a "gigantic price" is said to be asked for it. The statue is held by some to surpass the Florence work, and differs from it in several particulars—having looser hair and drapery, more firmly shut mouth, a more rounded curve of the left hip, and a different attitude, bending forward. The statue is believed to be that ordered from Canova by Prince Lucien Bonaparte.

Photographs supplied by Francis C. Fuerst, Vienna

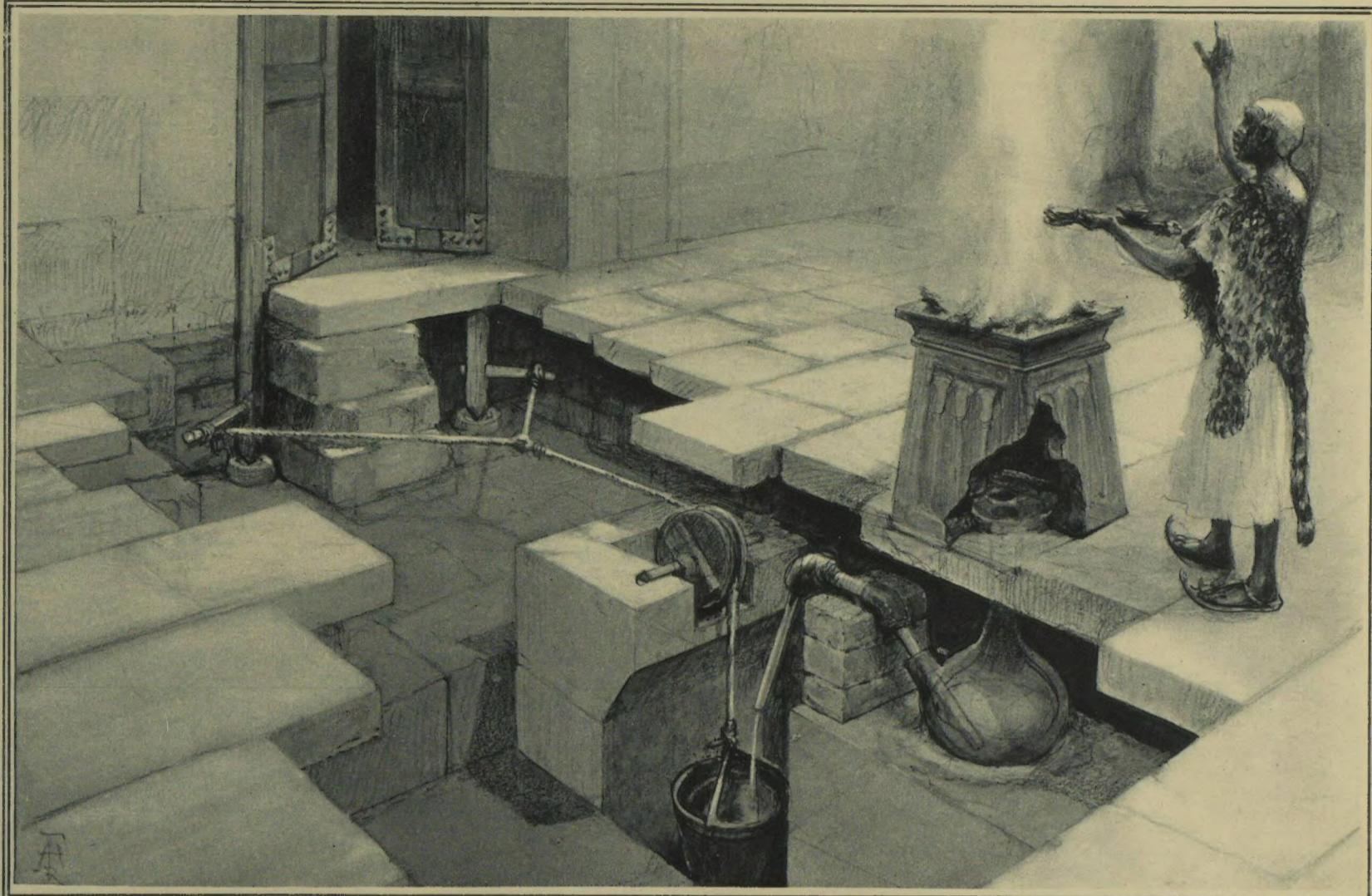
American Criticism. Almost contemporary with Washington Irving was another American, a gentleman with a Scots name and a Scots publisher, who, in his "The American on England," gave us criticism. The author was A. Slidell Mackenzie, who seems to have visited England in 1833. He, too, examined our English Christmas; and he, this now forgotten observer, shows himself much less the sentimental than his famous brother-American.

The English Christmas, as he saw it celebrated, disgusted him. The entertainments, with the air "foul with gas, smoke, and ill odours; the drunken orgies and murderous brawls," all filled him with horror. If he found anything to please him, it was the sight of the shops as they "began to glow with additional lustre"; for now, he observed, "the goods were displayed in the windows to tempt the passers with more than usual coquetry."

On Christmas Day he went to the Abbey for service, and on Boxing Day returned to view the monuments. He much disliked "the assiduous beadles," but delighted in Poets' Corner. "It is no bold assertion, no childish dealing in extravagant and unfounded superlatives, to say that no place in the world is capable of recalling so many associations connected with what is most Godlike in human genius." Looking about him elsewhere, he comments on the deliberate damage done to the monument of Major André. The bas-reliefs had been "purposely injured, the nose being broken from most of the figures," which seemed the more astonishing since "there was nothing in his fate to excite other sentiments than those of pity." The writer liked us well enough to pay us a second visit within the year. And not so long afterwards, Charles Dickens, going to America, dropped a brick.

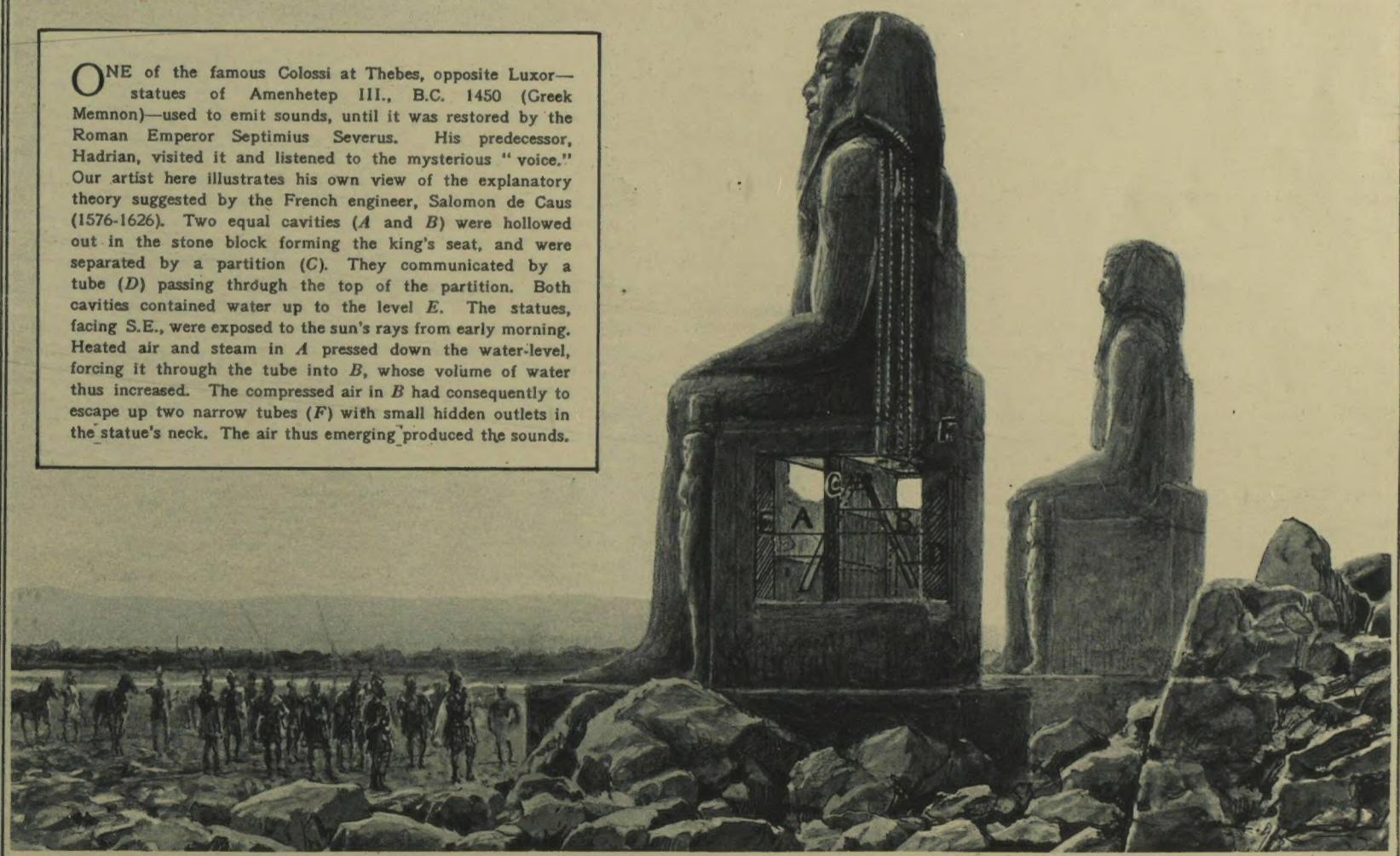
"MIRACLES" BY COMPRESSED AIR: TRICKS OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PRIESTS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. FORESTIER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



HOW ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PRIESTS IMPRESSED THE FAITHFUL BY CAUSING TEMPLE DOORS TO OPEN MYSTERIOUSLY: AIR INSIDE AN ALTAR, EXPANDED BY HEAT, DRIVES WATER FROM A VESSEL BELOW INTO A BUCKET, WHICH, SINKING BY THE ADDED WEIGHT, PULLS A ROPE CONNECTED WITH THE DOOR-POSTS—(PAVEMENT AND ALTAR "BROKEN" DIAGRAMMATICALLY TO SHOW MECHANISM.)

ONE of the famous Colossi at Thebes, opposite Luxor—statues of Amenhetep III., B.C. 1450 (Greek Memnon)—used to emit sounds, until it was restored by the Roman Emperor Septimius Severus. His predecessor, Hadrian, visited it and listened to the mysterious "voice." Our artist here illustrates his own view of the explanatory theory suggested by the French engineer, Salomon de Caus (1576-1626). Two equal cavities (*A* and *B*) were hollowed out in the stone block forming the king's seat, and were separated by a partition (*C*). They communicated by a tube (*D*) passing through the top of the partition. Both cavities contained water up to the level *E*. The statues, facing S.E., were exposed to the sun's rays from early morning. Heated air and steam in *A* pressed down the water-level, forcing it through the tube into *B*, whose volume of water thus increased. The compressed air in *B* had consequently to escape up two narrow tubes (*F*) with small hidden outlets in the statue's neck. The air thus emerging produced the sounds.



A THEORY OF THE "SINGING" STATUE OF MEMNON, ONE OF THE COLOSSI AT THEBES: HADRIAN LISTENING TO ITS "VOICE" AT SUNRISE—THE INTERIOR DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW COMPRESSED AIR, HEATED BY THE SUN, WAS FORCED BY WATER UP TUBES TO THE NECK, PRODUCING PLAINTIVE SOUNDS AS IT EMERGED.

A remarkable explanation of the means by which ancient Egyptian priests produced apparent "miracles" was given recently by Mr. William Reavell, President of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, in his presidential address on Compressed Air. "The history of air-compression," he said, "dates back at least to the second century B.C., to the Grecian school at Alexandria. Hero's treatise, 'De Re Pneumatica,' describes the uses of compressed air by

the priests of ancient Egypt—e.g., a fire kindled on an altar which, expanding, drove water out of a vessel into a bucket which descended and pulled a rope attached to posts beneath the temple doors, thus opening them mysteriously. Statues were also made to utter sounds by means of heated air, one famous image saluting the Sun as long as it shone, the solar rays providing the heat." Compare the Babylonian sacred bulls illustrated in our issue of November 13.

"A VERY COMPLEX CHARACTER":

MR. DRINKWATER'S "MR. CHARLES."

"MR. CHARLES, KING OF ENGLAND." By JOHN DRINKWATER.*

THOSE who imagine that Charles II. was merely a monarch of mistresses and merriment will find a corrective in "Mr. Charles." It is true, of course, that the King, to use the Biblical word, knew many women—"that young lady who was amongst the most distinguished in Our Kingdom" and gave him his first son, in Jersey, when he was a month or two over sixteen; Lucy Walter, who mothered the future Duke of Monmouth; Lady Castlemaine, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland; Louise Renée de Keroualle, who was to be Duchess of Portsmouth and bore Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond; "poor Nellie" Gwyn, who dubbed Louise "the Weeping Willow," and engineered her own "bastard" into Duke of St. Albans; with others less notorious. It is true that he encouraged—or, at least, tolerated—the license of an age which acknowledged Wycherley's scintillating, shameless coarseness as the code of the Court. It is true that there were occasions akin to that on which, according to Pepys, all the company "fell a-crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another, the King the Duke of York, and the Duke of York the King: and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were: and so passed the day." It is true that "his whole life was passed to an obbligato of debits and credits, with an ascendancy of debits."

But it is also true that he had wit and diplomacy and courage; that—with the exception of his desertion of Clarendon—he was faithful to his friends; that he stood by his religion; and that he had the good sense to recognise the perils as well as the powers of his position as the founder of truly constitutional monarchy in England, the first Sovereign who had had "the doctrine of his divine right challenged by his own very mundane contacts with experience."

Experience: that told with Charles II. His parentage was against him. "Conjugal virtues alone were an insufficient basis for successful sovereignty when the divine right of Kings was a current doctrine, and of the other qualities necessary to that office neither Charles I. nor Henrietta Maria had any vestige. The insecurity of character that was common to the Stuart race was rendered fatal in Charles I. by an incurable stupidity. Mary Stuart, James I., Charles II., and James III. were all subject to the grosser humours of the family blood, but each of them did something to redress the disability by individual gifts of gallantry, insight, or ability. Charles I., fully endowed with the infirmities of his kind, exacerbated them by a steady futility of judgment. All through his reign he was the despair of such reputable advisers as he had, frustrating their counsels at every turn by conduct as stubborn as it was irresponsible."

Charles II. learned his lessons in a hard school. When he was a little over twelve he was at Edgehill, under the charge of Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and of Hyde, who, though less Olympian than the Doctor, so placed the Prince and his brother that they escaped "only through deft work performed by one of the Equerries with a poleaxe." At fifteen he was "unboyed" by being appointed Generalissimo of all the Royal forces in England. Then Naseby: "It was clear that if the Prince was to remain in England it must be as a prisoner, and the decision had to be made as to where he should begin his exile."

Followed, St. Mary's, in the Scilly Islands, "a territory not under the jurisdiction of Parliament"; Jersey, where he was received with all loyalty; France, where "he was governed by his mother with such strictness that, though his Highness was above the age of seventeen, he never put his hat on before

the Queen, or had ten pistoles in his pocket"; and Holland, at which he arrived in the middle of 1648, to begin preparations for the Scotch Expedition which was abortive, ending with Charles under the protection of his sister Mary and her husband, the Prince of Orange, at The Hague.

"The King's cause in England was by now ruined beyond recovery, and already men were preparing themselves for the last scene. His son, with full realisation of the impending tragedy suddenly upon him, made a desperate and pathetic throw to stave off the last dreadful measure of disaster. He sent a blank sheet of paper to the Parliament, bearing his signature at the foot, and bade them inscribe upon it what terms they would in exchange for the King's life. . . . On February 5th, 1649, news reached Charles of the event that Evelyn recorded in his diary thus: 'The villainy of the rebels proceeding now so far as to try, condemn, and murder our excellent King on the 30th of this month [January], struck me with so much horror that I kept the day of his martyrdom as a fast, and would not be present at that execrable wickedness.'

IN HIS MAJESTY'S OWN WRITING: A LETTER FROM KING CHARLES II. TO THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

Reproduced from "Mr. Charles, King of England," by John Drinkwater, by Courtesy of the Earl of Sandwich.

Ireland and through the Covenanters in Scotland; the coronation at Scone; advance into England—and "the fatal battle at Worcester."

Charles got to Boscobel House, only to have to leave its "inner parlour" in an attempt to reach London—"dressed in a pair of ordinary grey cloth breeches, a leathern doublet, and a green jerkin." His hair . . . cut in disorderly fashion, and his face and hands . . . rubbed with soot." Then a move towards Wales, with the King as Will Jones, and a return to Boscobel and the famous hours of concealment in "a great oak, in a pretty plain place," with bread, cheese, and small beer as victuals. And so—as Jane Lane's serving man—to Trent, and on to "Brighthelmstone," Shoreham, and Fécamp.

"Charles's active bid for the recovery of his throne had come to its melancholy end, and Hyde's conviction that by the weight of English opinion, and that alone, could he be restored had been abundantly vindicated. Cromwell had declared Worcester to be 'the crowning mercy.' It was, and not only for Cromwell's arms, but for the whole future of England. Far from holding that Charles had by his exploit suffered in character, we think that the energy, the resource, and the courage with which he had met, almost unaided, a succession of desperate crises left their deep and permanent mark on him. In due time his restoration was to be the best, the only, solution of England's problems. But had he by any chance succeeded in his present designs, the Civil War would have been fought in vain, and he would almost certainly have been broken no less terribly than his father had been before him."

The "due time" was long in coming. In the interval was exile in Paris, which Charles reached "desitute and with no prospects of replenishment"—in which he was to see his establishment at the literal point of starvation, "heavily in debt, at the end of their scanty credit, so that they could provide themselves with neither food nor clean linen, existing only on irregular doles from friends in England and an occasional alms begged by agents who went from court to court in ill-disguised mendicancy." And further exile in Spa, Cologne, Flushing, Bruges (then under Spanish rule), and in Brussels, to which came, in Sept. 1658, the news "The Devil is dead." "On the third of that month the greatest commoner that England had ever bred breathed his last in White-

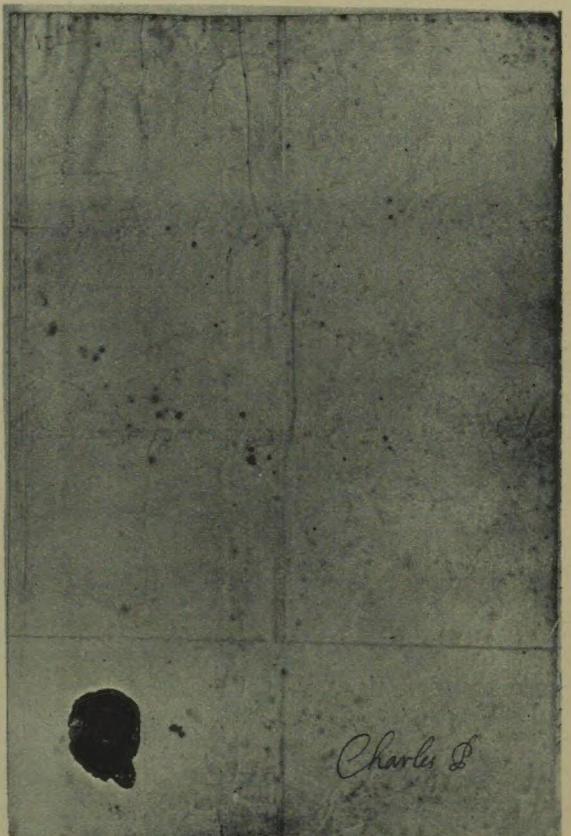
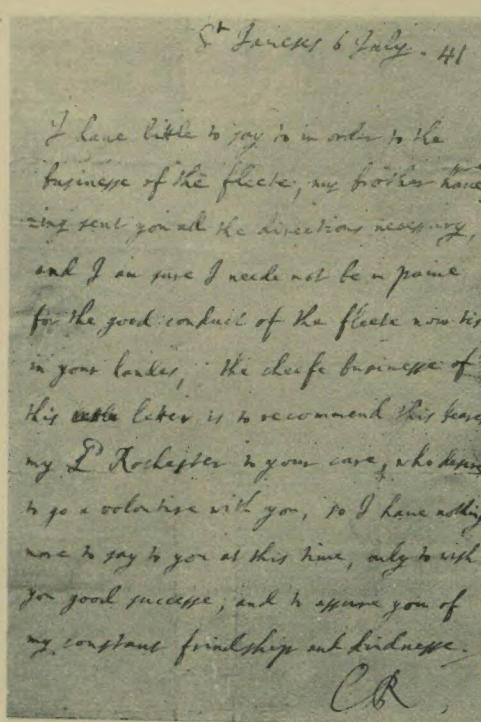
hall, and at that moment the Restoration was assured."

Conspiracy stirred; Monk grew in power and daring; the Tweed was forded at Coldstream; popular sentiment was in favour of a monarchy rather than of irresolute, changing Parliaments; at the festivities of the City Companies the Royal Arms replaced those of the Commonwealth and the toast of the King was honoured; Charles went to Breda and received the loyal assurances of Parliament; and on May 8, 1660, he was proclaimed in London, whereupon Pepys, with the Fleet, "celebrated the occasion by losing fourteen shillings at nine-pins, and treating his company to libations of Margate ale." Finally, England—"and on May 29, Charles's birthday, Evelyn stood in the Strand and watched the King go by . . . the way strewed with flowers, the bells ringing, the streets hung with tapestry, fountains running with wine."

The new life had begun, and it is not surprising that the King, released from pursuit and penury, free to do much as he willed, went to extremes, making the present pay for the past, and gaining for himself an indifferent character not altogether merited. In part Clarendon, no doubt, was responsible. "Clarendon became for him an irrepressible nuisance, and he became for Clarendon an unprincipled shirker. . . . By degrees Charles's patience was worn out. . . . He turned with growing relief from the incorrigible Chancellor to his laboratories, his gardens, his tool-chest and his quadrants, to his mistresses, and less fortunately to the society of worthless courtiers."

Frankly, his Majesty was bored, and he "could never bring himself to forget that he was a man, and often found it difficult to remember that he was a King." The result is History—or, rather, a series of Histories each biassed by its narrator. Obviously, there will be some to disagree with certain aspects of Mr. Drinkwater's provocative study of "Mr. Charles," but none will deny its understanding and its brilliance, or fail to rank it highly as an elucidation of a "very complex character."

E. H. G.



CHARLES'S ENDEAVOUR TO SAVE HIS FATHER: THE BLANK SHEET OF PAPER, SIGNED AND SEALED, ON WHICH PARLIAMENT WAS TO NAME WHAT TERMS THEY WOULD IN EXCHANGE FOR THE LIFE OF THE KING.

When King Charles the First's cause in England was ruined beyond recovery, his son sent "a blank sheet of paper to the Parliament, bearing his signature at the foot, and bade them inscribe upon it what terms they would in exchange for the King's life. It was put aside unheeded, and may still be seen, eloquent in its dumb appeal, in the British Museum."

From the Document in the British Museum, Reproduced, by Courtesy of the Authorities, from Mr. John Drinkwater's "Mr. Charles, King of England."

AFRICAN WOMEN TAKE TO EUROPEAN SPORT: EXOTIC PUSH-BALL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. FOURASTIÉ.



SUGGESTING A "RUGGER" LINE-OUT WITH A COLOSSAL "SOCCER" BALL, OR A VARIANT OF THE ATLAS LEGEND:
NATIVE WOMEN PLAYING PUSH-BALL IN FRENCH EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

This remarkable game, suggesting a new form of Rugby football with a huge Association ball, was played lately at Fort Archambault, on the river Chari, near Lake Chad, in the French colony of Oubangui-Chari. Among the spectators was the well-known French writer M. André Gide. A French account of the event describes a game of push-ball on horseback played by mounted African men, and continues: "After the horsemen, it was the turn of the women, who play on foot, and are quite as keen as the men. Our snapshot photograph shows an interesting phase of the game—the 'Scrum.' It differs from Rugby in that the

ball is round, and, instead of being on the ground, is kept in the air by a bunch of black hands, all eager to prevent it from falling. The Oubangui-Chari sports-women have evidently reduced athletic attire to the scantiest form. But this struggling mass of muscular bronze bodies does not lack aesthetic quality. It is rather like the bronze group by Carpeaux at the Luxembourg fountain, 'The Four Quarters of the World,' wherein the globe is held up in the air by women of various races." Again, it suggests that the daughters of Atlas have relieved him of his task of supporting the world.

IS THE HOLY GRAIL EXTANT? CUPS AS USED AT THE LAST SUPPER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF DR. J. RENDAL HARRIS.



1. OF SIMILAR TYPE TO THAT WHICH IT IS BELIEVED MAY POSSIBLY BE THE ORIGINAL HOLY GRAIL USED AT THE LAST SUPPER: A GLASS CUP, NOW IN THE MUSEUM AT LEYDEN, BEARING AN INSCRIPTION IN GREEK (THREE VIEWS OF THE CUP).



2. ALSO AKIN TO THE "HOLY GRAIL" TYPE: ONE OF TWO SIMILAR CUPS, WITH A GREEK INSRIPTION, IN THE MUSEUM OF BERLIN.



3. A KINDRED EXAMPLE OF THE "HOLY GRAIL" TYPE: THE OTHER GLASS CUP, INSCRIBED IN GREEK, NOW IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM.



4. SHOWING (BELOW) PART OF A GREEK WORD MEANING "BE OF GOOD CHEER": A CUP NOW AT TOLEDO, OHIO.



5. THOUGHT TO BE POSSIBLY THE HOLY GRAIL ITSELF, "THE ACTUAL CUP USED BY OUR LORD": A GLASS CUP (4 INCHES HIGH) BELIEVED TO HAVE COME FROM THE CRIMEA.



6. EARLY SIDONIAN GLASS: A CUP IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, REMOVED THITHER FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

The possibility that the Cup used at the Last Supper, and known in legend and poetry as the Holy Grail, may still exist, was suggested recently, in a lecture at Manchester, by Dr. J. Rendal Harris, Curator of MSS. at the John Rylands Library. Displaying the little glass cup shown in Figure 5 on this page, Dr. Harris said that, if not the actual cup used by Our Lord, or one of those used by the Disciples, it was so cognate with the table furniture that it made possible the realisation of certain incidents of the Supper and the subsequent Betrayal. This cup, he said, was thought by experts to be a Sidonian product of the first century. Round it ran in Greek letters a drinking motto—"What are you here

for? Be merry." The first phrase occurred in the account of the Betrayal (St. Matthew xxvi, 50—"Friend, wherefore art thou come?"). Six other such cups exist—two in the Berlin Museum (Figs. 2 and 3), one in the Leyden Museum (Fig. 1), one in Italy, probably from Cremona; one at Toledo, Ohio (Fig. 4), and one in the British Museum (Fig. 6). Mr. Wilfred Buckley's new book, "European Glass" (Benn), describing Byzantine glass of 800-1200 A.D., refers to "the famous Sacro Catino, now in the cathedral of St. Lorenzo at Genoa, which fell to the share of a Genoese when the Crusaders sacked Cæsarea in 1101. . . . It is asserted that it is the Holy Grail used at the Last Supper."

THE KING'S ONLY GRAND-DAUGHTER: PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

PORTRAIT-STUDIES BY MARCUS ADAMS, THE CHILDREN'S STUDIO, 43, DOVER STREET, W.



WITH THEIR DAUGHTER, H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH:
T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.



TAKING A DEEP INTEREST IN HER RATTLE: PRINCESS ELIZABETH
IN THE ARMS OF HER ROYAL MOTHER.



THEIR MAJESTIES' ONLY GRAND-DAUGHTER: A SMILING PICTURE OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH ON THE KNEE OF HER MOTHER.



THIRD IN DIRECT SUCCESSION TO THE THRONE:
H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth, the baby daughter of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, is the only grand-daughter of their Majesties the King and Queen. She is not only a lovely child, but is a royal lady of considerable importance, as she is third in direct succession to the Throne. "Illustrated London News" readers who possess the beautiful presentation-plate in colour, "Royal Motherhood," given with our Christmas Number and reproduced from a picture specially painted by John St. Helier Lander, will be able to compare the

little Princess's appearance to-day with that of a few months ago, as, above, we reproduce her latest pictures. They show what a charming and good-natured child she is. The Duke and Duchess of York sail for Australia on January 6 in the "Renown," and are due to return home in June. During their absence, Princess Elizabeth is expected to spend her time with her royal grandmother, her Majesty the Queen, at Buckingham Palace; while no doubt she will also pay a visit to her maternal grandmother, the Countess of Strathmore and Kinghorne.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE CHRISTMAS FEAST: NOVELTIES FOR DESSERT.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

ALL of us, I think, expect "on Christmas Eve a Christmas tale"—or at least "Christmassy" themes for conversation. For at this season we are filled with a spirit of exuberance which can be satisfied only in merry-making and feasting, which derive an added zest when we, if only momentarily, remind ourselves that we are, during these festivities, linked with an ancient past, when feasts were somewhat differently celebrated. We allow our imagination, perhaps, to bear us back to the time when the "savage Dane" kept his Christmas—

Where shields and axes decked the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dressed steer,
Caroused in seas of sable beer;
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnawed rib and marrow bone;
Or listened all, in grim delight,
While scalds yelled out the joys of fight.

We dine more sedately nowadays, even on the occasion of the Christmas dinner! In keeping with this more decorous attitude, I propose, then, to discuss, with dignified calm, the innocent pleasures of dessert. For this great occasion the kindly fruits of the earth are spread before us in unusual profusion. There is a sort of feeling that, while oranges, dried figs, blanched almonds, and raisins, and the various kinds of nuts that we have known from our childhood, are indispensable, if we are to create the right "atmosphere" belonging to the day, yet we must, if possible, introduce some novelty—or, at any rate, some addition not usually made.

This year my household are to test the delights of the custard-apple—or, as it is sometimes called, the alligator-apple. This last appellation strikes me as distinctly unkind, and I cannot believe that alligators would appreciate anything so toothsome. Those of my readers who already know something of this fruit will agree with me, for it combines something of the

colour it is of a dull sage-green, and in shape something like a pear—or, as some have it, like a bullock's heart, and they call it by this name. That there is justification for the comparison will be seen by a glance at the adjoining photograph (Fig. 1). While this tells nothing of its colour, it brings out, in a very striking way, the singularly beautiful sculpturing of the surface, which takes the form of a series of imbr-

is non-committal; the second, I think, is indeed apt; for I can conceive of no other creature than an alligator desiring to eat it.

The fruit was new to me, fair to look upon, soft and inviting to the touch. I was told that it had a soft green pulp, not very sweet, but of a delicate flavour. This delectable pulp, I was told, would melt like butter on my tongue. Then came a piece of

information that should have caused me furiously to think. And it was this—that that pulp contained a "fixed oil," which is sometimes expressed for soap-making. I can taste that "fixed oil" now. I should think it would make excellent soap. As a "fruit" I decline to recognise it. Nor am I inclined to give it another trial, as I have been advised to do, adding pepper and salt. I cannot imagine yellow soap being palatable, even eaten with pepper and salt.

But, even if it were, this "pear" would prove an expensive dish. For, as will be seen in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 4), when cut open—I will not say sliced in half, for that were an impossible feat—there is revealed but a thin layer of pulp, investing an enormous seed as hard as a golf-ball and of about the same size. This seed, I have since learned, yields a black stain used for marking linen—to resist the soap! In the West Indies, I am told, it is eaten with sugar and spices. In my childhood I used to be given powders concealed in a spoonful of jam; perhaps the native West

Indians employ sugar and spices for a like reason.

The Avocado pear is a relation of the laurel. This fact explains much. But tastes differ, and I shall not be surprised if I am told that a liking for Avocado pears is an acquired taste. I have no intention of going in for a course of training for Christmas, however. I feel it in my bones that I should not succeed, and I might spoil my sense of taste for things I am looking forward to on that great day.

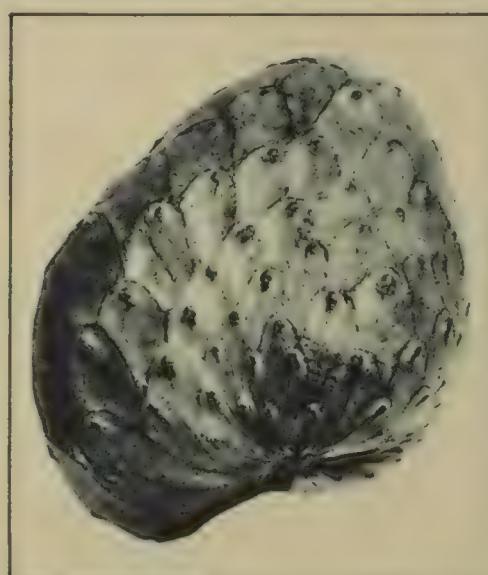


FIG. 1. IN ITS BEAUTIFULLY SCULPTURED "COAT OF MAIL" (ACTUALLY VERY THIN AND SOFT): THE CUSTARD-APPLE.

The custard-apple may be called a stately fruit, of great charm. Its thin, sage-green rind looks like a piece of stamped leather, the pattern taking the form of a series of horse-shoe loops enclosing one another from the apex to the base.

cating scales arranged in the form of horseshoe loops, enclosing one another as they are traced from the apex to the base. And each scale bears a small protuberance, or raised knob, adding much to the effectiveness of the whole.

When sliced in half (Fig. 2) there is disclosed a mass of delicate, cream-coloured pulp, in which are embedded a number of large shiny black seeds—which, I take it, will germinate, given proper care.

The experiment shall be tried. The effect of this contrast in colour is distinctly pleasing, not to say appetising—and the very first timid taste justifies the judgment of the eye. One would imagine, from its external appearance, that this fruit was encased in a coat of mail. But, as a matter of fact, it must be handled tenderly, for it is very soft. The seemingly solid scales form but a mere paper-thin rind.

Inasmuch as the custard-apple, of which there are four edible species, was introduced into this country so long ago as 1690, it seems strange that more has not been made of it; for those which appear in our shops are, I believe, mostly imported from Madeira. They are, however, natives of Tropical America. A fifth species, bearing the uninviting name of the "Sweet Sop," is a native of the West Indies. Another, one of the four just mentioned, is known under the still more uninviting name of the "Sour Sop." What they taste like I do not know. But perhaps they have been misnamed. In none of them does the tree exceed a height of twenty feet. In appearance, I ought to say, these different species of custard-apples differ rather widely. The most

is the fruit of the "Sour Sop" tree, which looks somewhat like an immense mulberry, but wherein the drupes are elongated instead of spherical, as in the mulberry and blackberry.

And now I come to another fruit which, it seemed to me at first sight, might well add to the delights of my table on Christmas Day. And this is the "Avocado pear," or "Alligator-pear" (Fig. 3). The first name

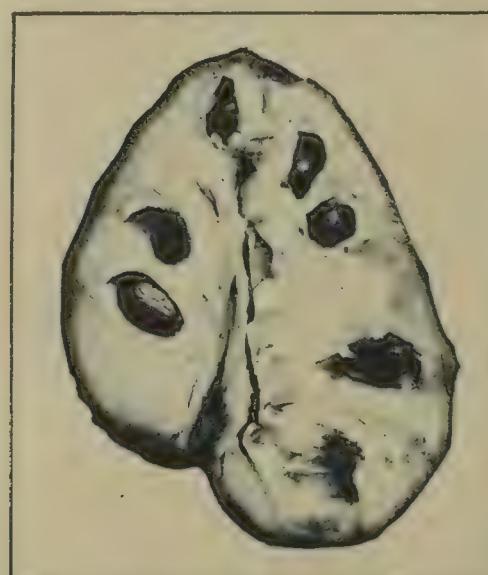


FIG. 2. COMBINING THE FLAVOUR OF PINEAPPLE AND BANANA: A CUSTARD-APPLE SLICED IN HALF, WITH SHINY BLACK SEEDS.

When sliced in half there is disclosed a mass of delicate, cream-coloured pulp, in which lie a number of shiny, slightly wrinkled black seeds. The flavour of the pulp of a custard-apple is that of a subtle blending of pineapple and banana.

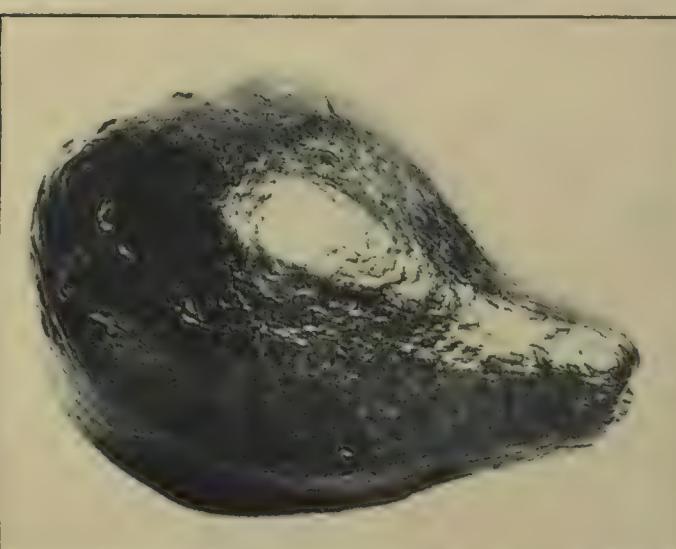


FIG. 3. APTLY KNOWN AS THE "ALLIGATOR-PEAR": THE AVOCADO, WHOSE INVITING OUTWARD APPEARANCE IS DECEPTIVE.

The Avocado, or Alligator-pear, appeals to the eye, being delicately tinted with a dark-red hue on a green background. It looks like a huge pear. It is indeed a pear for alligators!

flavour of the pineapple and the banana. The custard-apple is a fruit which improves on acquaintance. For externally it gives no promise of the sweetness within. Eve would never have fallen—and brought the house down, so to speak with her—if she had been confronted with the custard-apple. There is nothing alluring in its appearance. And yet it possesses a severe beauty that is well worth contemplating. In

distinctive which looks somewhat like an immense mulberry, but wherein the drupes are elongated instead of spherical, as in the mulberry and blackberry.

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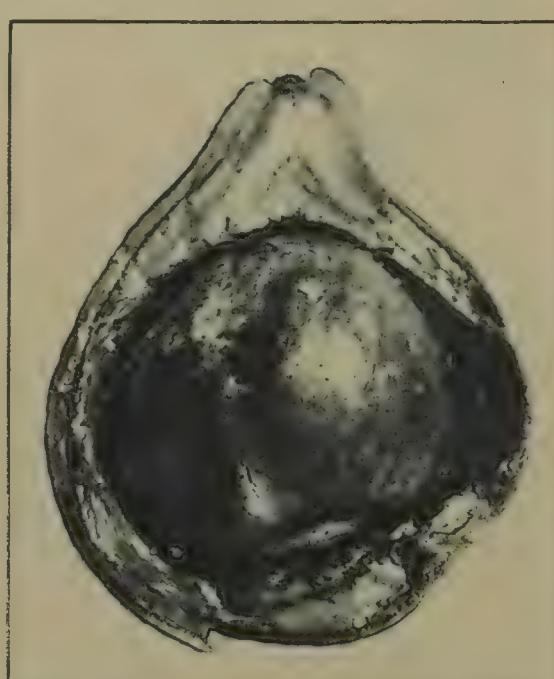
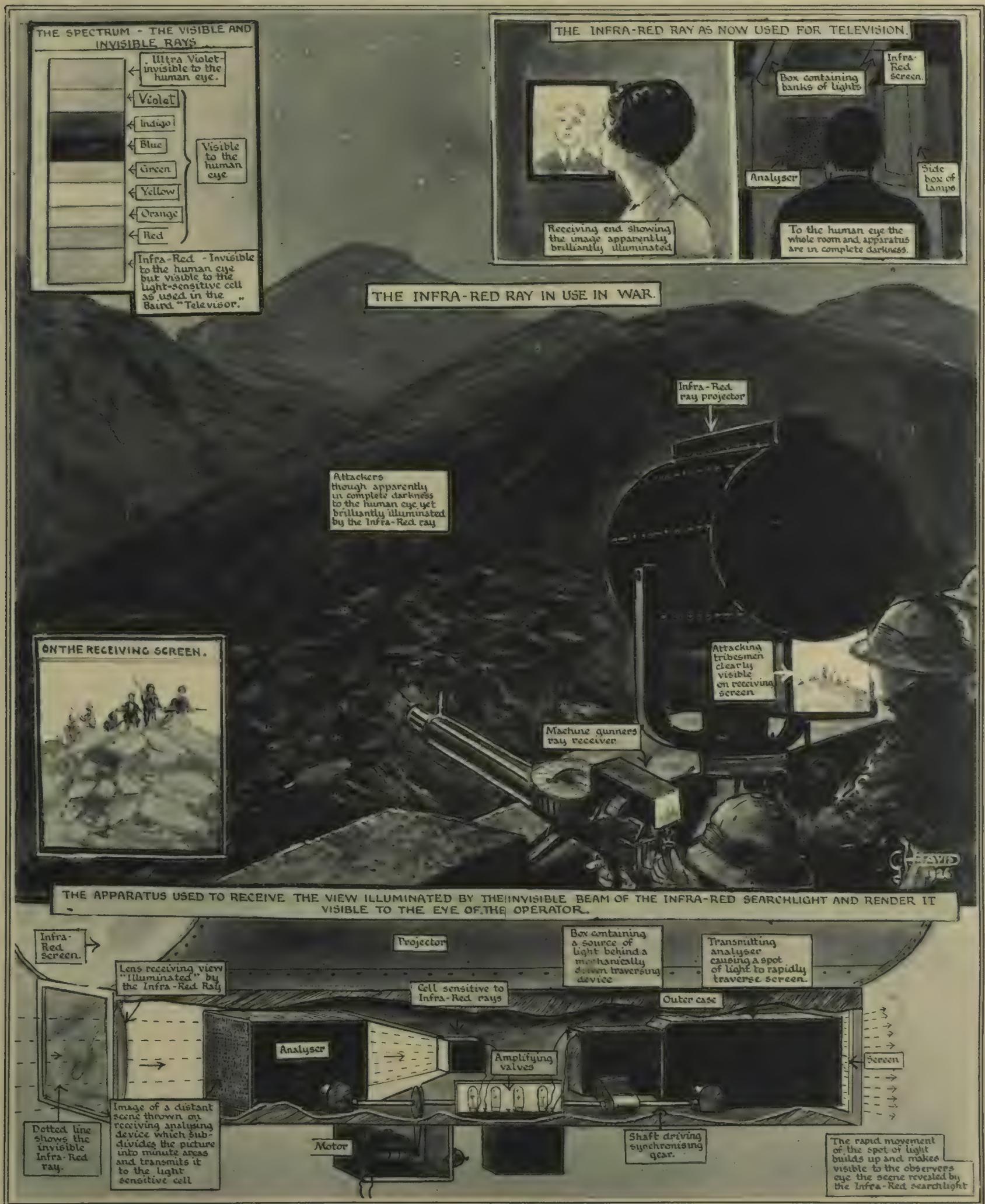


FIG. 4. WITH PULP THAT TASTES LIKE SOAP AND A SEED AS BIG AND HARD AS A GOLF-BALL: AN "ALLIGATOR-PEAR" CUT OPEN.

When opened it discloses no more than a thin coating of green soft pulp, tasting like soap, enclosing an enormous seed of the size and hardness of a golf-ball, but of a rich nut-brown colour. Some people are said to like it, when it is eaten with pepper and salt.

THE INVISIBLE SEARCHLIGHT: SEEING IN THE DARK BY "BLACK LIGHT."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY MR. JOHN L. BAIRD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



INFRA-RED RAYS AND THEIR USES IN WAR: POSSIBLE RESULTS OF A REMARKABLE INVENTION.

Mr. John L. Baird, the inventor of the "Televisor," who has by his experiments brought us considerably nearer to seeing by wireless, has now produced a device that he claims will allow us to see in the dark. For the past six months Mr. Baird has been concentrating on reducing the brilliancy of the lighting used in television. Formerly the person being transmitted had to sit before a bank of powerful lamps, causing considerable inconvenience. Mr. Baird now claims that, by using rays outside the visible spectrum, it is possible to see a person who is in total darkness. The intensely sensitive cell used detects the so-called "Black Light," or infra-red rays. The image is thrown by the lens on to the analyser, which splits the picture into minute atoms and transmits it in a

succession of small areas on to the cell, which is sensitive to the infra-red rays. This cell controls a source of light behind a mechanically-driven traversing device, which is directly coupled to the analyser. This causes the spot of light to traverse rapidly a viewing-screen, and builds up a clearly defined view of the object. The inventor hopes to perfect a device similar to that illustrated, and attach it to an ordinary searchlight. In this way a night attack in war would be revealed on the viewing-screen, though the attackers were unaware that they were in the infra-red rays of the searchlight. It is claimed that the invention would be of great use in taking photographs at night, and, if brought to a successful issue, is one of far-reaching importance.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

A "HARDY RUNNER"—THE AUTHOR OF "LILIOUM."

THREE light comedies of the century which are "English, quite English, you know," are likely to rank in decades to come as "minor classics": Anstey's "The Man from Blankley's"; Pinero's "Trelawny of the Wells"; and "The Farmer's Wife," by Eden Phillpotts. The latter, in continuity, has now beaten all records, even that of "Our Boys" and—of indifferent memory—"My Sweetheart," Minnie Palmer's hobby-horse. "The Farmer's Wife" is approaching its 1300th performance, and there is no sign of waning popularity. As a matter of fact, the Court Theatre has become a kind of shrine of pilgrimage. No country cousin who visits London leaves it out of his programme. It is almost a case of to "see Naples" and then, if not necessarily "to die," to have done what all good tourists should do. If you look around in the well-filled little theatre, you see many Londoners, like myself, who renew the acquaintance of the play at least once a year, but more people who, by their attire, their attitude, and their fresh complexions, betray that they belong to the country-side. To watch these—their eager faces, their unrestrained guffaw straight from the heart—is almost as great a pleasure as to follow the performance, which remains as fresh as paint.

Some of the actors—such as Evelyn Hope, the delightful wife to be, and Mr. Melville Cooper, the no less delightful farmer; Miss Phyllis Shand and Miss Eileen Beldon, the charming daughters—have practically not missed a night, and yet their work never betrays a whit of humdrum or lassitude. Indeed, if anything, they play with even greater zest than before; they have become the *alter egos* of their parts. Others are comparative newcomers; notably Mr. Charles Groves, successor to the unique Cedric Hardwicke as the philosophical misogynist. Yet the two are as much alike as two pins, and if there is a difference, it is a mere inch of height, but none of characterisation—the same gait, the same "moonshine," the same staccato delivery; even the same munching of straws and "licking of chops." No sooner does old Churdles Ash—that is the name of the farm-hand—appear, than the audience roars with laughter. He is the old Devonian and no mistake. He grizzles and he growls, but what a good sort he is, and how he incarnates all that humour which reeks of the soil and breathes contentment, for all his grumbling! He is, as it were, the *compère* of the play. He has a finger in the pie of all that is going to happen; he is the seer, the prophet, the critic of the little community. If Farmer Sweetland had seen as clear as he, he would not have courted two widows and two maids before he saw that the wife he sought was by his side—and one that knew him to his finger-tips, even to the bow of his tie, and let him play fast and loose while she held the trump card up her sleeve.

I have now seen "The Farmer's Wife" eight times—nor do I blush at the confession—and each time I have come away as from a harvest festival, refreshed in body by the hearty laugh that acts like a tonic, and rejuvenated in mind by that humour of characters and situations that has, as it were, sprung from the author's mind as the brook springs from the rocks. It is a case of loving people for their faults as well as their qualities. These Devonians are no puppets; they are live people in whom romance is ingrained, but also such practical sense as accounts

for the prosperity of the county. But the romance is paramount: who could forget the charming courting scenes of the matter-of-fact Petronella and the modest violet, Sibley; the prosaic proposals of Farmer Sweetland to the women he did not really want; and, towards the end, that beautiful episode when the scales fell from his eyes—when he, in the language of the simple yet in the spirit of a poet, almost a psalmist, declares to the long-abiding Araminta that she, of all, is his mate, that he—"whom a child could lead but no regiment of soldiers could drive"—will love and honour her, as he did his first wife? In this episode, full of subdued humour, there is also a strange note of feeling—something fine and exalted; above all, a human note that quickens the pulse and somehow tightens the throat. It is this wonderful humanity—this delightful understanding of all that is spontaneous and archaic in normal men and women, that accounts for the perennial career of "The Farmer's Wife." For here is the

in their representation of wraiths in Nirvana. In the attempt to realise the sublime, we saw something that bordered on the ridiculous. We have made progress since then, and the art of Kommissarjevski may cast the spell without which the great scene of the play becomes meaningless.

I met Mr. Molnar some three years ago at the Arts Club of Budapest. A quiet, burly little man with a monocle, he smiled benignly on the actors and painters around him, said very little, but was an eager listener to the animated talk of the most brilliant minds in Hungary. But I made up my mind to draw him, and as I was familiar with most of his works, as I told him that we had tried "The Devil"—and failed; tried "The Guardsman"—and failed; and tried "Liliom"—and failed, he became eloquent on the subject. He said—and I agreed with him—that there must have been something wrong in the performance and production, for these plays (as I knew) had succeeded everywhere else. He was very modest, but he was sure of his cause, and rightly said that there was a satirical vein in all these works which must have evaporated in the translation—"mutilation," I suggested—and the acting. He still hoped to make the conquest of London, he said. Surely, if "The Swan," with Eva Le Gallienne, had run two years in New York, there must be some quality in his work. "And," he added with a smile, "considering that all my plays have become popular in all Continental countries as well as America, where lies the fault that they won't 'take' in London?" I could only assure him quite conscientiously that, for once, the interpretation in every case was the cause, and I prophesied that in the near future he would have another chance and then "ride home in glory." That pleased him mightily, and as we chatted on he told me some interesting facts of his career.

Molnar had been a journalist when he began to study the drama of France. He learned his *métier* from the Parisians, and he began by adapting French plays—Bisson's, Bataille's, Caillavet's—a bunch of Boulevard successes. Gradually it dawned on him that it would be just as easy to write original plays as to adapt those of others. And so he started, and as he went on his creative powers seemed to grow by leaps and bounds. He still continued to fill reams for the Press; he still wrote novels—twenty-six of them so far—but his heart was in playwriting. And as his every play, from "The Devil" onward, ran from Budapest all over the world, he gave free rein to his imagination. He told me that, as we spoke, he was in the "throes" of number sixteen—"The Wolf"—which in Paris was acclaimed as one of his best. Then laughingly he added: "You know what is the most proud achievement of my career? I made an adaptation for Budapest of 'Frou-Frou,' and when it was played with success I was asked by Belasco to lend it to him for New York. A French minor classic, adapted by a Hungarian, once more adapted by a leading American manager—if that is not a triumph, what is?"



THE PATHOS OF STARVED MOTHERHOOD IN THE HEART OF A NUN: SISTER JOANNA (MISS GILLIAN SCAIFE) WITH THE FOUNDLING, IN "THE CRADLE SONG," WHICH IS TO BE MOVED TO THE LITTLE THEATRE ON BOXING DAY.

"The Cradle Song"—a two-act play by G. Martinez Sierra—which is being transferred from the Fortune Theatre to the Little Theatre, has for its theme the starved instinct of motherhood in the hearts of nuns. One day a baby girl is left at a Dominican convent in a basket, and the nuns—especially Sister Joanna of the Cross—are all fascinated with the child. An old doctor adopts her and places her in their care. In the second act, eighteen years later, the waif has grown up and is about to be married. The nuns are making her trousseau. The play ends with a pathetic farewell, and the disconsolate figure of Sister Joanna dreaming of joys that are not for her.—[Photographs by Pollard Crowther, F.R.P.S.]

c o m m o n ground where "high-brow" and the rest of us meet in such harmony of sensations as make all men kin.

A remarkable man is Francis Molnar, the author of "Liliom," which Mr. Ridgway is producing at the Duke of York's—let us hope with happier results than when it was first played at the Kingsway. There it

was a rank failure, whilst, curiously enough, in every other capital of Europe it made the name of the author. There is a supernatural element in it—a glimpse, as it were, of the "hereafter"—which demands such fantasy in the production as at that time was realised neither scenically nor by the actors

course, it was sarcasm on his part, but it is significant of the man. He does not blow his own trumpet; he lets others do it—that is why he is cherished by all who come in contact with him. Let us hope that this time he may realise his dream of the conquest of London.

"BETWEEN THE ACTS" OF WINTER SPORT: ALPINE AMENITIES.

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER

"NANNY" "MAMMY"



A STUDY OF HOTEL WINDOWS ON A PERFECTLY HEAVENLY MORNING

THAWED OUT "WINTER-SPORTERS" REDUCED TO THE DIVERSION OF DECODING NAMES & ADDRESSES ON RECENTLY ARRIVED LUGGAGE.



MOST PLACES CAN BOAST A CHAMPION; WHO ENJOYS, IN A MEASURE, THE IMPORTANT POSITION OF A SUCCESSFUL CRICKETER AT HOME.

*Reginald Cleaver*

WHERE THE COMMONPLACE IS UNKNOWN: TYPICAL FIGURES AND INCIDENTS AT WINTER-SPORT CENTRES IN SWITZERLAND.

In a note on his amusing sketches, Mr. Reginald Cleaver says: "Between the acts—that is, during the periods set apart for preparation, rest, and refreshment—there are always odds and ends of incident that link up and complete a day's doings at any winter-sport centre. Ice and snow and the breakaway from ordinary laws about clothes give exception and interest to what would be unremarked events

elsewhere. As an instance, there is something incongruous about a girl in ski boots and breeches powdering her nose. A tea-shop even is a fresh picture—and so on. In short, these oddities in dress and deportment, with the more or less eternal snows as setting, form an irresistible combination in which the commonplace is unknown."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A CHRISTMAS DIP AT KEN WOOD: BATHING AS A WINTER SPORT FOR LONDON'S SPARTAN WOMEN SWIMMERS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



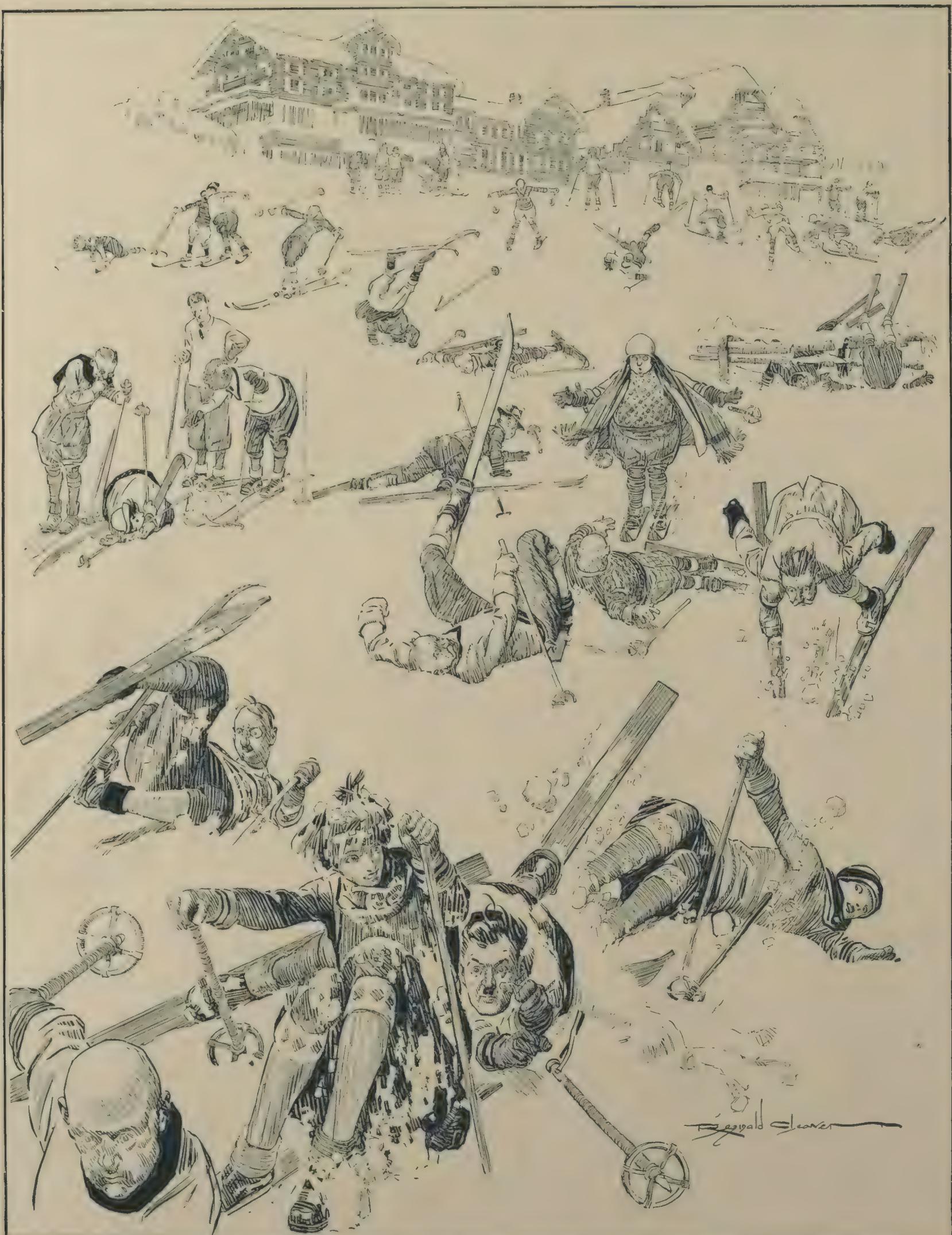
"WALKING THE PLANK" ON A SNOWY DAY: HARDY SWIMMERS (WHO MUST NOT CHANGE THEIR MINDS ONCE THEY HAVE MOUNTED THE SPRING-BOARD) AT KEN WOOD POND.
THE WOMEN'S OPEN-AIR BATHING-POOL AT HIGHGATE, KEPT OPEN THROUGH THE WINTER BY SPECIAL REQUEST.

Winter bathing is no longer a monopoly of man, and the Spartan heroes of the Serpentine are now rivaled by the women swimmers of London, of whom sixty or seventy petitioned the County Council to keep open through the winter Ken Wood Pond, the bathing-pool at Highgate exclusively reserved for women. The only other open-air London bathing-place reserved entirely for women is one of the ponds in Victoria Park. Ken Wood Pond is from 8 to 20 ft. deep, and only swimmers are allowed to use it. In addition to the club members known as the "Ken Wood Regulars," occasional visitors make week-end attendances.

Our drawing shows a typical gathering at the pool on a snowy winter's day. Gulls, driven inland by stormy weather, add to the liveliness of the scene. Most of the club members are very fine swimmers, and the woman attendant, seen in a boat, is trained in life-saving. The diving platform shown in the foreground was presented by a member of the L.C.C. No lady is permitted to change her mind about going in off the spring-board. Having once ascended the platform, she must obey the rule that to "walk the plank" is essential! The lifebuoys mark the limit of the swimming-pool. (Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF WINTER SPORT: FIRST STEPS ON SKI.

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER.



"THE FLY-PAPER": TRIBULATIONS OF THE NOVICE IN THE ART OF SKI-RUNNING ON THE "NURSERY SLOPES."

"It is a longish time," writes Mr. Reginald Cleaver in a note on his amusing drawing, "before ski become, as it were, part of one's own frame and it is possible to control their antics with some of the same facility with which one regulates one's own feet. On the way to that beatific state the safest place to be is on one of the snow-fields which, at any winter-sport centre, are by

general consent considered the beginner's own. As in all sports, quite a while is spent in learning to do anything right; and, as doing anything wrong means being helplessly stuck in the snow, the nickname of 'The Flypaper' for the beginners' territory has come to stay, or, rather, to stick." Here we see typical mishaps in concentrated form.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., S. AND G., C.N., AND TOPICAL.



THE CAIRO-KARACHI AIRWAY: THE FIRST OF THE D.H.66 BRISTOL JUPITER EMPIRE-HERCULES AIR-LINERS BEFORE LEAVING CROYDON ON DECEMBER 18 FOR ITS FLIGHT TO EGYPT.



THE TRAFFIC TROBULATIONS OF LONDON: A CONTROL TOWER AT VICTORIA STATION FOR THE REGULATION OF BUSES ARRIVING AND DEPARTING.



TO HELP "JAY WALKERS" AND OTHER PEDESTRIANS IN TRAFFIC-TROUBLED LONDON: FIXING A "PLEASE CROSS HERE" SIGN NEAR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



THE FOUNDLING ESTATE AND ITS POSSIBLE USE FOR COVENT GARDEN MARKET: MECKLENBURGH-SQUARE GARDEN, WHICH IS SAID TO BE THREATENED.

The first of the D.H.66 Bristol Jupiter Empire-Hercules air-liners built for the new Imperial Airways Cairo-Karachi service left Croydon on December 18. She reached Paris in one hour and forty-two minutes! Later, there was a story that she had made a forced landing at Lyons. This was denied, and it was stated that she only landed there because of approaching darkness. The machine is not flying to India, but is one of five being delivered to Egypt for the Cairo-Karachi air service.—To help pedestrians, definite crossing-places are being indicated in London streets.—Controversy has arisen in connection with the proposed removal of Covent Garden Market to the site of the Foundling Hospital in



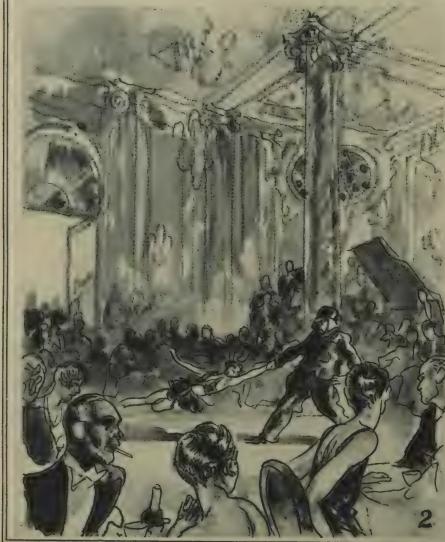
WHEN SWORDS AND AXES HAD TO BE USED TO RELEASE THE FLYING OFFICER: A BRISTOL FIGHTER AEROPLANE CRASHES INTO A BARRACK-ROOM BUNGALOW. Bloomsbury. In the Bill for the proposed establishment of the new market, there is a clause: "The Company shall not erect any building over the site of Brunswick-Square Garden or Mecklenburgh-Square Garden"; but this, according to Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, has been misunderstood. In a letter to the "Times," he has said: "In the new scheme the Gardens . . . are to be used for parking market carts."—The other day a Bristol fighter, with two aboard, crashed into a barrack-room bungalow at South Farnborough. Flight Officer O'Doherty had to be cut out of the wrecked machine with the aid of axes and swords.

THE NIGHT LIFE OF LONDON: SOCIETY'S POST-PRANDIAL

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST,

AMUSEMENTS: DANCE CLUBS AND CABARET SHOWS.

STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. (COPYRIGHTED.)



LONDON SOCIETY'S NOCTURNAL HAUNTS: (1) DANCING AT THE EMBASSY CLUB; (2) AN
(4) NICK LUCAS SINGING AT THE KIT-CAT CLUB; (5) DANCING ON

The modern night life of London, like that of Paris and other capitals, is a growth of the twentieth century. The dance clubs, with their cabaret shows, and the similar entertainments provided in great hotels, are a fashionable development from the old "Bohemian" habits of past times. The social tone is much higher, and the setting is more sumptuous and magnificent. Many of the London dance clubs, among which the Embassy holds a distinguished place, are attended by people of the best Society. The transformation of such resorts into recognised places of amusement is largely

APACHE DANCE AT CIRO'S; (3) "THE MIDNIGHT FOLLIES" AT THE HOTEL METROPOLE;
THE FLORIDA CLUB'S ILLUMINATED FLOOR OF COLOURED GLASS.

due, no doubt, to the emancipation of woman, who has won her right to share with man his frivolities as well as his professions. Our artist has illustrated typical scenes at a performance by "The Midnight Follies" in the Hotel Metropole, and at some of the best-known London dance clubs. In addition to their regular cabaret programmes, special turns are often given by noted variety artists. At the Florida Club, it may be mentioned, the dancing floor is made of ground glass in squares of different colours, which are illuminated from below. Beautiful effects are thus produced.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THOSE who still remember that Christmas is a religious festival will probably choose for their friends some gift-book of that character. Though my list does not include any work specific to the season, one at least is very appropriate to the present year—"St. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, 1226-1926," Essays in Commemoration, with a Preface by Professor Paul Sabatier. Eleven plates and colour frontispiece (University of London Press; 16s.). Professor Sabatier, to whom is largely due what Dr. Walter Seton (one of the nine essayists) calls "the re-discovery of St. Francis," declares that the apostle of simplicity and poverty, peace and courtesy, is best understood in England. He recalls the Canterbury celebrations of 1924, which united Anglicans, Roman Catholics, and Nonconformists, and warmly commends three English Franciscan studies—the Life by R. P. Cuthbert, Mr. Laurence Housman's "Little Plays of St. Francis," and Professor Edmund Gardner's essay on "St. Francis and Dante" in the present volume.

Another essay, that on "St. Francis in Rome," by Mrs. Arthur Strong, contains a passage (on his fifth visit in 1223) that is strictly in season. "We find Francis, who had remained in Rome, making preparations to celebrate Christmas at Greccio in joyous and novel fashion, encouraged to this, it appears, by Pope Honorius himself. Stimulated perhaps by the sight of the beautiful *presepi*, or cribs, put up at Christmas time in memory of Bethlehem in the churches of Rome, and more especially in St. Mary Major's, proud guardian of the *Sancta Culla*, he seems to have determined to outdo them all. Sending messengers ahead to command the presence of a live ox and a live ass, he himself made arrangements for the episode which was to mark the climax of the scene: *In hoc sacello | Franciscus | Reclinavit Christum in praesepio*, says the inscription in the little chapel built over the sacred spot." That was how Christmas appealed to the Saint who has been called "another Christ" and "the Fifth Evangelist." The remaining contributors to the volume are Miss Evelyn Underhill, Mr. Harold Goad, Dr. Camillo Pellizzi, Mr. A. G. Little, Professor Tancred Borenus, and Professor F. C. Burkitt, D.D., who writes on "The Study of the Sources of the Life of St. Francis."

Dr. Burkitt is, of course, the Norrisian Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. I recall a boy, who I believe was his son, as pupil at a school where aforesome I expounded Virgil and Thucydides, and their respective languages—

Far down the Trumpington Road, outside
The borough of Cambridge.

That recollection enhances for me the already strong interest of an excellent little book on prehistoric life, "OUR EARLY ANCESTORS," an Introductory Study of Mesolithic, Neolithic, and Copper Age Cultures in Europe and Adjacent Regions, by M. C. Burkitt, M.A., F.S.A., F.G.S., University Lecturer in Archaeology and Anthropology, author of "Prehistory" and "Our Forerunners." Illustrated (Cambridge University Press; 7s. 6d.). The author acknowledges indebtedness to his father for a sketch map of the physical geography of Central Asia. I have great pleasure in recommending Mr. Burkitt's book as being of especial interest to readers of this paper, who are kept abreast of new prehistoric discoveries by frequent illustrated articles, some of which, I think, he has himself supplied.

To the same "sphere of interest," but in days when the "pre" becomes detached from "history," two other notable books lay claim. One is "THE MYSTERY OF WANSDYKE," by (the late) Albany F. Major, F.S.A., and Edward J. Burrow; with 112 drawings and 100 plans (Cheltenham; E. J. Burrow; 25s.). Wansdyke is an ancient earthwork running for over eighty miles through Wiltshire and Somerset. It is here explored throughout its length and pictured in Mr. Burrow's charming line landscapes. Though the great dyke belongs to a historical period (perhaps the post-Roman days of Arthurian romance), it is "prehistoric" in the sense that no one knows for certain which of "our early ancestors" made it, and why.

More "dateable" doings by our later ancestors are recorded in "EVERYDAY LIFE IN ANGLO-SAXON, VIKING, AND NORMAN TIMES," written and illustrated, in colour and line, by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell (Batsford; 5s.). This agreeable little book completes a series in which the authors have similarly described everyday things in England from the Old Stone Age to the Industrial era. A glimpse of Christmas in the days of Augustine occurs in a quotation from Pope Gregory's letter to Abbot Mellitus, in 601, ordaining that the temples of the heathen English be adapted to Christian uses. They were to be

allowed "to build themselves huts of the boughs of trees . . . and celebrate the solemnity with religious feasting." In Canute's time, "the slaves (we read) were entitled to a feast at Christmas, and another at Easter."

Comparisons drawn by the Quennells between Anglo-Saxon timber buildings and old barns still to be seen in Essex, several of which they illustrate, bring me to a very delightful book on modern rural life in that county—"VILLAGE IDYLLS," by S. L. Bensusan; foreword by Israel Zangwill; twelve wood-engravings by H. Geo. Webb (Noel Douglas; 12s. 6d.). Mr. Bensusan, who formerly wrote for this paper on sport and country matters, as well as on music, is a master of the short dialogue, or character sketch, in a vein of humour and quiet satire. Those familiar with his previous books—"Father William," "Heart of the Wild," and others—will know what to expect, and they will not be disappointed. Personally, I do not know any work in dialect (often tiresome when

were far-away colleges," I

turn to another book of East Anglian provenance, concerning academic life at Cambridge. Thence doubtless came some incumbents of college livings in Essex. Whether any of them delivered "the doctrine of a gentle Johnian" I know not, but St. John's, I do know, can claim the (non-clerical) author of "AFTER MANY YEARS," a Tale of Experiences and Impressions Gathered in the course of an Obscure Life. By W. E. Heitland, M.A. (Cambridge University Press; 7s. 6d.). "I am told that I was born," writes the author, "on 21 Dec., 1847, at Colkirk in Norfolk." He describes his early life there and at Tenby, and his school-days at Dedham, in Essex, and later at Shrewsbury.

For me, however, as for hundreds of other men who were under his care as Tutor at "John's" during ten years (1883-93) the main interest—I would rather say the fascination—of the book attaches to his reminiscences of Cambridge, which, he tells us, "begin just about the time when Leslie Stephen's *Sketches* leave off." In reading it I have lived again through old times and revisited in imagination the rooms—

Wherein of old I wore the gown.

How well I remember, in my first days as a Freshman, Mr. Heitland coming to those rooms to admonish my venerable "bedder," who had proposed to sell me a coal-scuttle (or some other relic of the previous occupant) in which, it transpired, she had no proprietary rights! His wrath, however, was tempered with forbearance, for she continued to minister to my domestic needs throughout my three years of *status pupillaris*. That, alas! was over thirty years ago! *Eheu fugaces!*

Of a book that makes so strong a personal appeal it is difficult to write impartially, or to gauge its attractions for the stranger, but I commend it to all who would understand what Cambridge life and teaching has been during the past half-century. It treats both of grave matters and of lighter interludes. Among the latter is a richly humorous description of private coaching under Shilleto ("the first Greek scholar in England" of his day), who always kept handy a packet of snuff and a pot of beer, and on his election to a Fellowship of Peterhouse, forsook his pupils to "go and wet it." He would have been made Greek Professor in 1867, had not the office involved a canonry at Ely, "and it was impossible to make Shilleto a Reverend Canon."

And now, as space presses, I will name some important books which I hope later to discuss more at large. A famous essayist and novelist, intimately associated with Cambridge, is self-revealed in "THE DIARY OF ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON," edited by Percy Lubbock, illustrated (Hutchinson; 24s.). Other literary or artistic careers will likewise provide me with congenial tasks. Of the subjective type are "AUTOBIOGRAPHIES," by W. B. Yeats, illustrated (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.); "EXPERIENCES OF A LITERARY MAN," by Stephen Gwynn, illustrated (Hutchinson; 21s.); and "FLORIDA TO FLEET STREET," by T. C. Bridges, illustrated (Hutchinson; 21s.). To the objective class belong "HENRY JAMES: MAN AND AUTHOR," by Pelham Edgar, illustrated (Grant Richards; 12s. 6d.); "THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF TOBIAS SMOLLETT," by Lewis Melville, illustrated (Faber and Gwyer; 12s. 6d.); "THE LIFE OF JENNY LIND," told by her daughter, Mrs. Raymond Maude, O.B.E., illustrated, with colour frontispiece (Cassell; 10s. 6d.); "THE LINLEYS OF BATH," by Clementina Black, with an Introduction by George Saintsbury, illustrated (Martin Secker; 15s.); and "PAGES IN WAITING," by James Milne (Lane; 6s.)—an apt title, from my point of view.

Personalities and social history of a more general kind find record in "NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS," by Mrs. E. M. Richardson, illustrated (Hutchinson; 18s.), "HISTORIC LOVERS," by W. L. George, illustrated (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), and "THE STORY OF THE CITY COMPANIES," by P. H. Ditchfield, F.S.A., illustrated (Foulis; 10s. 6d.). Poetry is represented by three noted contemporary singers who have attained the dignity of a "collected" edition—"COLLECTED POEMS (1905-25)," by Wilfrid Gibson (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.), "COLLECTED POEMS," by James Stephens, (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.), and "COLLECTED POEMS," by Edward Shanks (Collins; 7s. 6d.). Nor must I omit to mention a dainty new edition of Gilbert's "SONGS OF A SAVOYARD" (Macmillan; 3s. 6d.), with the author's own inimitable thumbnail drawings. Last week I perpetrated a "massacre of the innocents." This time, methinks, I have "out-Heroded Herod."

C. E. B.



NEW DISCOVERIES IN THE HOLY CITY: EXCAVATIONS OF THE THIRD WALL OF JERUSALEM, STATED BY JOSEPHUS TO HAVE TURNED "OPPOSITE TO THE TOMB OF QUEEN HELENA" (SITUATED JUST TO RIGHT OF THE CATHEDRAL IN THE BACKGROUND).



BELIEVED TO BE PART OF THE THIRD CITY WALL BUILT (ACCORDING TO JOSEPHUS) BY THE GRANDSON OF HEROD: AN ARCH OF MASONRY AND A PARTLY EXCAVATED CISTERNS (LEFT) RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT JERUSALEM. Recent excavations at Jerusalem conducted by Dr. E. L. Sukenik, of the Hebrew University, for the Jewish Palestine Exploration Society, have revealed massive masonry thought to be part (possibly a corner tower and gateway) of the Third Wall of the city. According to Josephus, it was built or restored by King Herod Agrippa I. (37-44 A.D.), grandson of Herod the Great, and there was a turning "opposite the tomb of Queen Helena." Josephus also mentions cisterns made in it at intervals. Excavations continued west of Herod's Gate have within the last few days led to the discovery of further sections of the wall.—[Photographs by S. H. Peroane.]

laboured or unsure) that is so completely natural and so consistently amusing.

The author's preface (described in Mr. Zangwill's posthumous foreword as "a perfect piece of literature") traces the changes that have befallen the Essex countryside during the thirty years he has known it. Mr. Bensusan has made Essex his undisputed literary province. I hope some day he will take Mr. Zangwill's hint as to "plot-interest," and write a novel or a play that will give his name "a geographic connotation like that of Phillpotts." I am sure he could produce a delicious Essex counterpart of "The Farmer's Wife." Mr. Zangwill also suggests that he has not received his due recognition because he "deals with the poor, and the poor are not popular nowadays in reading circles." But is this true of an age that has re-discovered the Poverello? I prefer the other suggestion—that the plot's the thing.

From the humours of Essex peasantry, in a district where, as Mr. Bensusan recalls, "the chief landowners

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A., TOPICAL, UNDERWOOD, C.N., AND PHOTOPRESS.



"ROYAL HONEYMOONERS" IN PARIS: THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF BELGIUM "SNAPPED" IN THE RUE DE RIVOLI



RECENTLY SWEEP BY THE WORST STORM KNOWN FOR THIRTY YEARS: FUNCHAL BAY, MADEIRA, WHERE SHIPS WERE CAST ASHORE AND SIX PEOPLE DROWNED, INCLUDING AN ENGLISHWOMAN.



AN ARMOUR-PROTECTED MOTOR-CYCLE FOR PURSUING AMERICAN CAR BANDITS: ONE OF SEVERAL MADE FOR THE NEW YORK POLICE.



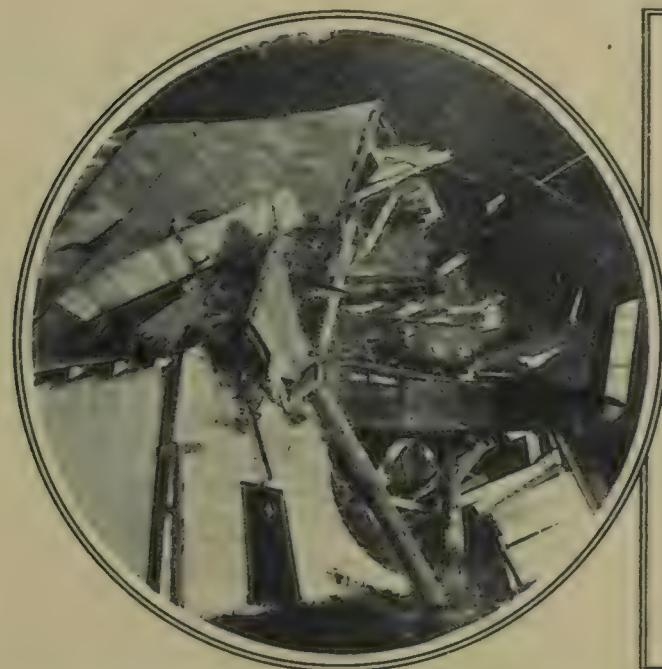
STATUARY FOR THE LONDONDERRY WAR MEMORIAL: THE NAVY FIGURE (8 FT. HIGH) BY MR. VERNON MARCH.



WITH HIS MODEL FOR THE NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL OF CANADA: MR. VERNON MARCH, THE SCULPTOR, IN HIS STUDIO.



STATUARY FOR THE LONDONDERRY WAR MEMORIAL: THE ARMY FIGURE (8 FT. HIGH) BY MR. VERNON MARCH.



A COTTAGE WRECKED BY A CRASHING AEROPLANE: A REMARKABLE FLYING ACCIDENT AT INDIANAPOLIS, U.S.A., WHERE THE AIRMAN ESCAPED UNHURT THROUGH PROTECTIVE UNIFORM.



CARRYING HIS MASCOT CAT, UNHURT BY THE CRASH: MR. HENDERSON, THE AIRMAN, IN PROTECTIVE DRESS.



AFTER THE CRASH OF MR. F. D. HENDERSON'S AEROPLANE INTO A COTTAGE AT INDIANAPOLIS: CLEARING WRECKAGE OF THE MACHINE AND THE BUILDING.

After their recent marriage in Brussels, Prince Leopold of Belgium and his bride, Princess Astrid of Sweden, went for their honeymoon to France. They successfully evaded publicity for several weeks, but at length were "snapped" by a Paris photographer in the Rue de Rivoli, after strenuous efforts to escape.—On December 15 Madeira experienced the worst storm known since 1895. Craft of all kinds were dashed on shore at Funchal, including the yacht "Physalia" of the Portuguese Pacific scientific expedition. The owner and crew were drowned, as well as an English lady, Mrs. Angela George, of Caterham. Buildings were unroofed or washed away, the sea-wall was broken, and the promenade was

strewn with wreckage. The total damage was estimated at £200,000.—That remarkable family of sculptors and craftsmen, Mr. Vernon March and his five brothers with their sister Elsie, have been entrusted with the statuary work for the Canadian War Memorial, to be erected at Ottawa, at a cost of £20,000, and the Londonderry Memorial, which will cost £5000. The March studio is at Farnborough, Kent.—While flying at Indianapolis lately, Mr. Finley D. Henderson, formerly of the U.S. Army Air Service, crashed through two telephone poles and into a small house, which was wrecked. He emerged unhurt, carrying his black cat mascot. His escape was partly due to protective dress.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK : PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BURKE, S. AND G., LAFAYETTE, TOPICAL, BARRATT, RUSSELL, AND G.P.U.



A SOLDIER WITH A DISTINGUISHED RECORD : THE LATE GENERAL SIR JAMES WILLCOCKS.



THE NEW PARLIAMENTARY UNDER-SECRETARY, DOMINIONS OFFICE : LORD LOVAT, K.T.



A DISTINGUISHED BLACK-AND-WHITE ARTIST : THE LATE MR. WARWICK REYNOLDS.



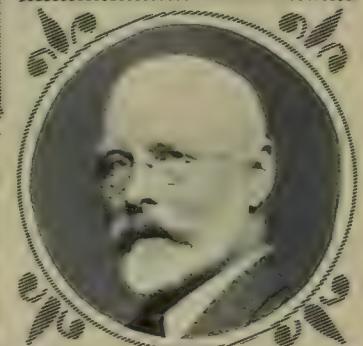
THE MARRIAGE OF THE HON. CICELY GOSCHEN, YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE GOVERNOR OF MADRAS, AND CAPTAIN MELVILLE E. B. PORTAL : THE WEDDING GROUP.



BEFORE ILLNESS MADE IT NECESSARY FOR HIM TO GO TO HOSPITAL FOR A WHILE : "COMRADE" A. J. COOK IN MOSCOW ; WITH WOMEN DELEGATES, AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE RUSSIAN MINERS UNION (EXTREME RIGHT).



THE "PUTSCH" IN LITHUANIA : DR. GRINIUS, THE "FALLEN" PRESIDENT OF LITHUANIA.



TEMPORARILY IN CHARGE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS : MR. GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.



FORMERLY KEEPER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY : MR. CHARLES SIMS, R.A., WHO HAS RESIGNED.



"LISTENING-IN" TO A WIRELESS CONCERT : THE EXILED EX-EMPEROR ZITA OF AUSTRIA AND HER CHILDREN, WHO HAVE JUST GONE TO ARGELES, NEAR PAU, FOR THE WINTER.



THE FLIGHT OF THE FIRST OF THE D.H. 66 BRISTOL JUPITER EMPIRE HERCULES AIR LINERS FOR THE CAIRO-KARACHI AIRWAY : AIR COMMODORE WEIR, MRS. WEIR, CAPTAIN T. A. GLADSTONE, AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR W. SEFTON BRANCKER (PASSENGERS), AND MR. C. F. WOLLEY DOD, A PILOT.

General Willcocks was born in India on April 1, 1857, and had a noteworthy record of service, from the Afghan Campaign of 1879 to the great European War. In June 1917, he was appointed Governor of Bermuda, and he held the office for the full five years.—The marriage of the Hon. Cicely Goschen and Captain Melville E. B. Portal, 17th-21st Lancers, took place in St. George's Cathedral, Madras. In the group are (standing) Miss Littleton, Miss Portal, Miss Moore, and Captain Goschen; (sitting) Lord Goschen, the bride, the bridegroom, and Lady Goschen. The children are Miss Barton, Master Hobbs, Miss Dyson, and Master C. Smith.—The revolt in Lithuania, which has meant a new Government headed by Professor Valdemaras, as Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs, resulted, amongst other things, in the fall of President Grinius. The new State President is the Nationalist Leader, M. Smetona, who, it will be recalled,

was the first President of Lithuania after it became a sovereign State.—Lord Lovat has been appointed Parliamentary Under-Secretary, Dominions Office, and Chairman of the Overseas Settlement Committee in succession to the Earl of Clarendon, who is to become Chairman of the British Broadcasting Corporation.—Mr. Warwick Reynolds, whose work is well known to readers of "The Illustrated London News" and the "Sketch," and of various magazines, died on December 15, at the early age of forty-six.—Mr. A. J. Cook, who has been welcomed heartily in Russia, had to go to hospital for a while, owing to illness.—The resignation of Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., as Keeper of the Royal Academy is announced, and at present Mr. George Clausen is in charge of the Academy Schools.—The ex-Empress Zita of Austria, who is shown at her home in Spain, is, for the time being, living at Argelés, near Pau.

PIRACY, FIRE, AND BLIZZARD: NOTABLE EVENTS IN DISTANT LANDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARLO DELIUS, P. AND A., TOPICAL, AND PRIVATE CORRESPONDENTS.



NEW PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BRITISH STEAMER "SUNNING," RECENTLY SEIZED AND SET ON FIRE BY CHINESE PIRATES: THE STARBOARD SIDE, LOOKING AFT, WITH BURNED CABINS AND BOAT DECK ABOVE.



A GRUESOME SIGHT ON BOARD THE "SUNNING" AFTER THE FIRE AMIDSHIPS HAD BEEN EXTINGUISHED: THE INCINERATED REMAINS OF ONE OF THE CHINESE PIRATES, BURNED IN THE FLAMES HE HAD HELPED TO START.



THE FATAL FIRE AT A MUSIC-HALL IN ROME, WHICH CAUSED THE DEATHS OF FOUR WOMEN: THE ENTRANCE TO THE APOLLO CAFÉ AND VARIETY THEATRE, AFTER THE DISASTER.



AFTER THE FIRE IN WHICH THREE YOUNG DANCERS AND THE MOTHER OF ONE OF THEM LOST THEIR LIVES: THE BURNED-OUT INTERIOR OF THE APOLLO MUSIC-HALL IN ROME.



THE GREATEST ICE-BLOCKADE IN THE HISTORY OF NAVIGATION ON THE GREAT LAKES: SOME OF THE 165 STEAMERS THAT WERE HELD FAST IN THE FROZEN RIVER NEAR SAULT ST. MARIE.

The recent seizure of the British steamer "Sunning" by Chinese pirates, who had come aboard as passengers, was described and illustrated in our last issue. The above photographs have since come to hand. It may be recalled that, after being worsted in a fight with the British officers, the pirates set the ship on fire, and the Captain manœuvred the vessel so that the flames blew towards them. A Japanese steamer wirelessed for help, and several British war-ships arrived. The fire was put out, and a number of pirates were captured, some in boats.—In Rome on the night of December 11 fire broke out in the stage curtain of the Apollo Music Hall just after the performance. Three young actresses, with the mother of one of them, were trapped in their dressing-room and asphyxiated by smoke. The audience escaped. In the adjoining Eliseo



NEW YORK UNDER SNOW DURING A RECENT BLIZZARD: A REMARKABLE VIEW OF CENTRAL PARK TAKEN FROM THE TOP OF THE HECKSHER BUILDING ON FIFTH AVENUE.

Theatre a performance of "Pagliacci" was in progress, and the audience there also rushed into the street.—In the region of the Great Lakes an exceptionally sudden spell of cold lately caused the greatest ice-blockade in the history of lake navigation. Over 160 ships with more than 2000 sailors on board, and cargoes worth over £5,000,000, were ice-bound in the upper St. Marie River. The ice-field stretched for a hundred miles. Later, through milder weather, and the use of tugs and ice-breakers, over a hundred grain ships were released from the West Neebish Channel. By December 9 a score of ships were still ice-bound in the St. Lawrence, and it was feared they might have to remain through the winter.—There was a sudden cold spell also further south, in the United States, and New York experienced a blizzard.

HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. XXXVIII.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)

Jack passes round the hors d'oeuvres.*They eat with the greatest decorum.**The toast is—**"A Happy Christmas!"*

J.A.S

THE "CHIMPS'" CHRISTMAS DINNER PARTY: JACK, JIMMY, CLARENCE, AND BIBI ON THEIR BEST BEHAVIOUR.

We are not, as a rule, in sympathy with the training of wild animals, preferring to observe their natural traits and conceits; but the rehearsal of the performing young Chimpanzees at the "Zoo," which we were privileged to witness, is wholly delightful and free from coercion. Some six weeks' kindly training has made them perfect in their performance, and speaks volumes for the patience and mutual sensibility of Shelley, the Chimps' keeper, and his pupils. Jack, Jimmy, Clarence and Bibi form the quartette. Jack is some four or five years old; Bibi, the belle of the party, nineteen months; and the other two come between these ages. The performance starts with the sponging of hands. They then take their seats at table and wait for the signal to commence their meal. They eat with the greatest decorum—

no grabbing. Should one take up two pieces at once, a whisper from the keeper is sufficient hint for the Chimp to replace them on the plate and then take up one piece. We witnessed no fear on their part. When in doubt they appear to seek advice from Shelley. Jack is asked to pass round the *hors d'œuvre*; he springs to attention at once and eagerly passes the plate to the Chimps named by the keeper. It is most amusing—and it is all done by kindness, we feel quite sure. The meal finished, their hands are again sponged, after which they all, in turn, gravely shake hands with the keeper, pass back into their cage, and immediately start their romps. We believe that this performance will be presented to the public in the summer, and we hope that the present simplicity of the proceedings will be maintained.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE King and Queen have so strong a sense of duty to the public that only the most urgent private reasons would induce them to abandon an engagement, and it would have to be a much stronger reason than many that private people would consider urgent. For instance, almost any parents would feel justified in staying away from a concert they had promised to attend in order to meet a son who had been absent for two years; but the King and Queen realised that if they had done so last week it would have caused great disappointment to the promoters of the concert and to the audience; so, instead of meeting Prince George when he returned from his service in China, they kept their engagement, and it was he who received them on their return to the Palace.

It will be a great delight to them to have their sailor son with them at Sandringham, where the whole family, with the exception of Princess Mary, will spend Christmas. Another pleasure will be the presence of the tiny Princess Elizabeth. Princess Mary and her sons will spend Christmas at Goldsborough Hall, and will probably go soon after that with Lord Lascelles to Sandringham, where some of the other royal children will regard their small companions with elderly interest.

CLOSELY ASSOCIATED WITH MANY ORGANISATIONS: LADY EMMOTT.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

with Lady Emmott, whose husband died suddenly several days ago. Only a few weeks before, Lady Emmott had lost her mother, a woman of advanced age, who had to the last retained a keen interest in life and events. Perhaps no other woman in London is so closely and actively associated with so many organisations and movements, or serves on as many committees, as Lady Emmott has done for years. A graceful, handsome woman, she is full of energy, and must have a very orderly mind and good sense of time to be able to allocate the time she gives to each of her manifold and varied activities. She is, for instance, Chairman of the United Women's Insurance Society, which has a membership of 55,000. She has been for twenty years on the Executive of the National Council of Women. She was a leading member of the Housing Committee set up after the war. She is also on the executive of the Victoria League, and gives parties during the season for overseas visitors to London. As one of the first women magistrates she takes a special interest in the women inmates of Holloway Prison and in children's courts, and she is an authority on the domestic servant problem, having been chairman of the first Commission that was set up after the war to consider that vital question. In addition to this, she takes an active part in politics, and at one time stood for election to Parliament. Yet with all her regular engagements



THE WIFE OF A FORMER VICEROY OF INDIA WHO CONDUCTED A PARTY OF M.P'S INTO THE CROWDED TENEMENTS OF WESTMINSTER: LADY CHELMSFORD.

Photograph by Lafayette.

she finds time to give her help to many small or urgent matters that must receive attention.

From the beginning of their married life both Lord and Lady Emmott had taken their share of public work, and to a large extent they were colleagues. She was very young when he became Mayor of Oldham, and she filled the position of Lady Mayoress with great success and charm. Afterwards she became the first woman member of the Board of Guardians, and thereby she gained a thorough knowledge of municipal administration. Lady Emmott has two married daughters, one of whom, Mrs. Home Peel, also takes an active interest in politics.

Miss Clemence Dane's lecture to the English Association the other day on drama in real life and drama on the stage was exceedingly interesting, and it was delivered with such liveliness and enthusiasm



NOVELIST AND DRAMATIST: MISS CLEMENCE DANE, WHO LECTURED TO THE STAGE ASSOCIATION THE OTHER DAY.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

that the audience enjoyed every word of it. Dame Edith Lyttelton, who presided, hoped that Miss Dane would say something about her own experience in transferring drama from real life to the stage, but one could only infer what her difficulties had been from the way she discussed the failures and successes of other dramatists. She pays her hearers the compliment of preparing her speeches very carefully, and she turned over the pages of a great sheaf of typewritten notes in her hand as she spoke; but, instead of reading them, she spoke with an effect of spontaneity. Before launching out as a novelist, Miss Dane had had some experience on the stage, and this has helped her as a speaker almost as much as the technical knowledge she gained has benefited her playwriting. She speaks smilingly, with a freedom of gesture that is rather attractive, and occasionally she pushes back the mass of dark hair that distinguishes her from most of our other women speakers.

The slum conditions in Westminster have been for years a matter of active concern to some of the most prominent women living in that city. Miss Picton-Turbervill and Mrs. W. Runciman initiated an inquiry three years ago; and Lady Chelmsford has now done a good piece of work by conducting a party of Members of Parliament into the crowded tenements, and showing them the piece of waste land on which the Westminster Housing Committee wants houses to be built.

Lady Chelmsford is a woman of many interests. When Lord Chelmsford was Viceroy of India she did a great deal for the scheme to train Indian women as midwives, and actively promoted the establishment of Infant Welfare centres. Since her return

to England, Lady Chelmsford has done a good deal for the Young Women's Christian Association, whose work she has seen in India, and also in the two Australian States where Lord Chelmsford was the Governor.

Lady Chelmsford is the daughter of the first Baron Wimborne, who married Lady Cornelia Spencer-Churchill, daughter of the seventh Duke of Marlborough, and a sister of Lord Randolph Churchill. Three years ago one of Lady Chelmsford's daughters married Capt. A. Lascelles, a nephew of Lord Harewood.

The engagement of Lady Diana Duncombe, sister of the young Earl of Feversham, to Mr. Greville Worthington, the son of Mr. William and Lady Muriel Worthington, of Maple Hayes, near Lichfield, has naturally aroused a great deal of interest, for both the young people are connected with prominent families. Lady Diana, who is only twenty-one, spends most of her time in the country at Kirkdale Manor, Sir Gervase Beckett's place in Yorkshire, where she and her two brothers have lived ever since their mother's second marriage.

Lady Marjorie Beckett is the elder daughter of Frances Countess of Warwick, and her marriage to the Earl of Feversham's heir took place several years before he succeeded to the title. Two or three months ago she went out to South Africa to meet her son, who has been on a world tour. They intended to travel extensively in South Africa, but if, as is expected, Lady Diana's marriage is to take place early in the New Year, Lady Muriel will be returning almost immediately. Her friends will hope that her health has benefited by her stay in the wonderful air of the South.

The bride inherits her good looks from both her parents. Lady Warwick, her grandmother, was one of the most famous beauties of her day, and on the other side were Lady Diana's great-aunts, the daughters of the first Earl of Feversham, one of whom became the Duchess of Leinster. Another is Lady D'Aburon. Lady Mercy Dean, whose baby daughter was born a few days ago, is Lady Marjorie Beckett's sister, but is only a few months older than her niece, Lady Diana Duncombe.

Another interesting engagement that has just been announced is that of the Hon. Barbara Buckmaster, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Buckmaster, to Mr. John Miller, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Brian Miller, of Bicton Lodge, Exeter. Both Lord and Lady Buckmaster have always given their support to matters affecting women's interests. Lady Buckmaster



ENGAGED TO MR. JOHN MILLER: THE HON. BARBARA BUCKMASTER.

Photograph by Lafayette.

is an earnest and effective speaker, and her daughters take an equally keen interest in public affairs. The elder is married to Mr. D. N. Pollock,

Fashions & Fancies

WITH BEST WISHES FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HOPES OF GOOD HUNTING IN THE HAPPY NEW YEAR SALES!



A well-cut coat of "maze" cloth with a fur collar, which is surprisingly inexpensive in the coming sale at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W.

Sale Time in London. When the excitements of Christmas are really over, there is still the thrill of the sales to prevent any feeling of flatness. Some of them begin as early as Dec. 30, and in January almost every day is a red-letter one for bargain hunters. Owing to the prolonged coal strike, there are more fashionable models than usual left to be disposed of for merely nominal sums, and Paris frocks, coats, and hats can be secured by owners of quite small dress allowances who are quick to seize the golden opportunity. Many useful hints and suggestions will be found on this page for the guidance of those who are hoping to equip their wardrobes afresh for a very moderate outlay.

Bargains in Coats and Frocks. There will be many gilt-edged investments to be found in the January sale at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W., of which a catalogue will be sent gratis and post free on request. Foremost amongst them is the well-cut coat pictured above, which is built of grey "maze" cloth collared with fur, and costs only 89s. 6d. Then, all-wool real "rug" coats, ideal for travelling and country wear, are being offered at 75s. 9d., some with capes, others plain, and all velour winter coats have been very much reduced. A tempting bargain is a jumper suit in flannel, the top plain and the skirt checked, available for 45s. 9d.; and others of fine stockinette, introducing the new yoked shoulders and inverted pleats, are 21s. 9d. Linen frocks for the South, handmade and embroidered, will be offered at very special prices, and linen overblouses piped with a contrasting colour at only 7s. 11d. Countless bargains in household and table linen are to be found also in the catalogue.

From Jan. 10 for Two Weeks. Though the sale at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., does not begin before Jan. 10, as it lasts only for two weeks the wise bargain-hunter will learn beforehand what prizes to seek there. In the model gown department there are many wonderful opportunities, everything being practically half price.

For instance, the beautiful evening gown pictured here, an Agnes model, has been reduced to 18½ guineas, and the distinctive afternoon frock in black silk and grey satin can be obtained for 12 guineas. Dance frocks which were 14½ guineas will be 6½ guineas for the sale, and day frocks 78s. 6d.; while cotton frocks for the South, originally 8½ to 10½ guineas, have been reduced to 69s. 6d. It must be noted that the new season's models will be copied at special prices during the sale. In the lingerie department there are crêpe-de-Chine nighties available for 29s. 6d., and boudoir caps from 5s., while crêpe-de-Chine knickers can be secured for 10s. 9d. Oddments in sports sweaters are to be cleared at 15s. 6d., and model jumper and three-piece suits, originally from 18½ to 25 guineas, will be obtainable for 12 guineas. There will be a few crêpe-de-Chine tea-frocks, slightly shop-soiled, reduced to 29s. 6d.

becoming to large figures, are offered at 59s. 6d., and there are delightful wrappers in rich rayon broché available for 18s. 9d. Amongst the lovely hats which have been greatly reduced are the trio at the top. The one with a felt crown and satin brim at the top can be obtained for 35s. 9d., and the second, with a tall satin crown and bow, is 39s. 6d.; 18s. 9d. secures smart little velours which are equally suitable for town and country.

A Catalogue on Request.

From Jan. 3 to 29 is the great sale at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W., and a catalogue illustrating many wonderful bargains can be obtained post free on request. There are a limited number of well-tailored coats and skirts suitable for the early spring offered at 78s. 6d.; and winter coats in various designs, usually 10½ guineas, can be secured for 98s. 6d. Jumper suits of stockinette are obtainable for 29s. 6d., and oddments in petticoats of satin and foulard, etc., are to be cleared at 10s. 6d. each. Pretty jumpers of artificial silk, usually 52s. 6d., have been reduced to 21s., and there are wool stockinette jumpers faced with crêpe-de-Chine marked down from 42s. to 10s. 6d.

A Sale of Shoes. It must be noted that at M. field's, 170, Regent Street, W., the great sale of shoes begins on Thursday, Dec. 30, and at this address thousands of shoes have been collected from this firm's many branches to be included in the sale. There are promenade shoes of all kinds available for 10s., 15s., and 19s., and evening shoes can be secured for 12s. 11d. Silk stockings at 3s. 11d. a pair are also economical investments which must not be overlooked.

Bargains in Furs. Dec. 30 is the opening day of the sale at the City Fur Store, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., where practically everything has been reduced to half price. Coats of mink dyed goat have been drastically "cut" from 36 to 18 guineas, and others of stamped kid trimmed with beaver coney are also 18 guineas. Seal coney coats can be secured for 12½ guineas. As for stoles, there are long ones of skunk, four stranded, available for 8½ guineas, and foxes of all kinds range from 5 guineas upwards. It is a splendid opportunity of securing furs inexpensively for the coming months, which are always exceptionally cold in England.



Two beautiful models for day and evening which have been greatly reduced in price for the sale at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., which begins on Jan. 10. The afternoon dress is of black silk and grey satin hemmed with fur, and the other of gold brocade and lace.

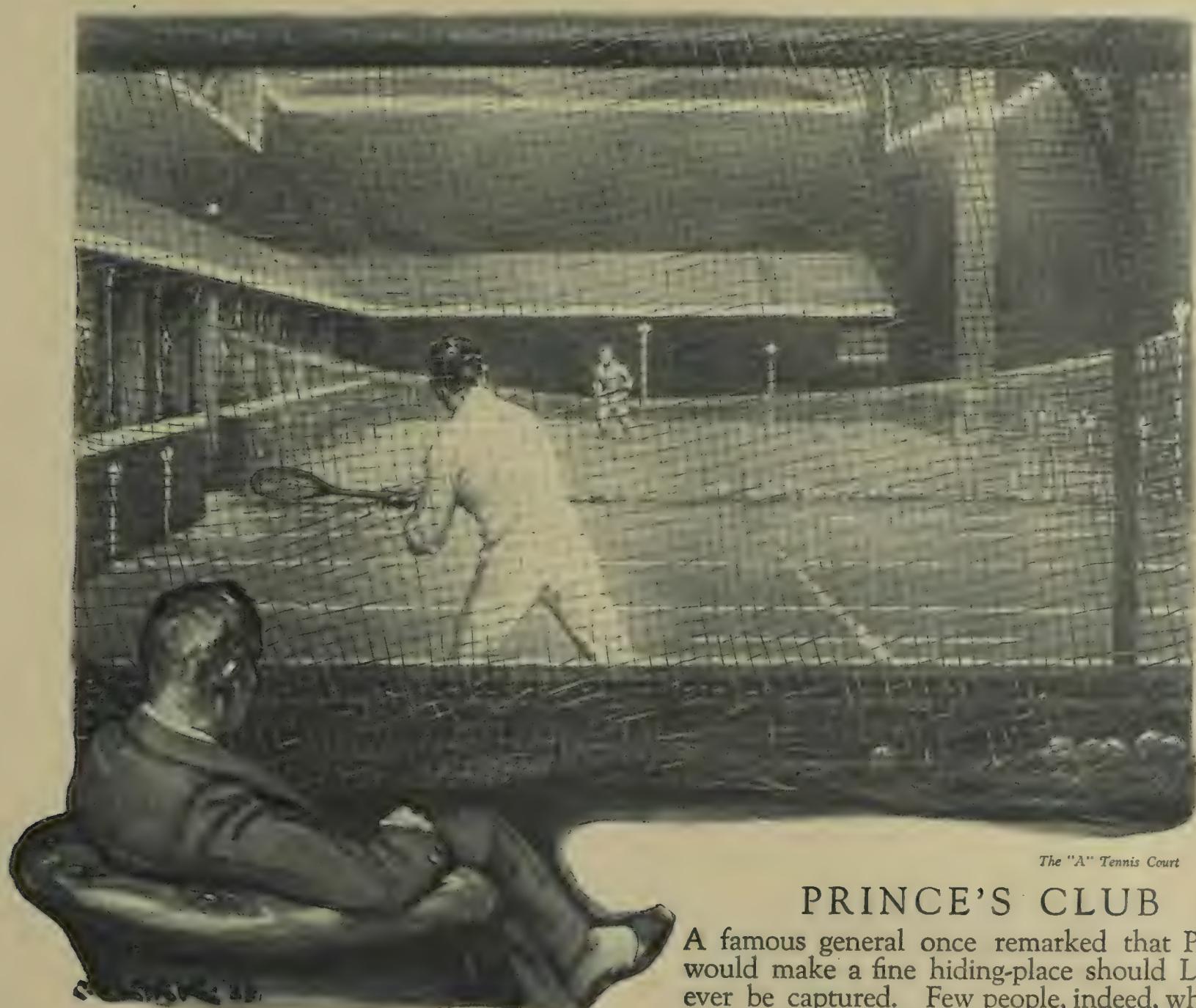
Write for a Catalogue.

A splendid bargain catalogue is issued by Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., in connection with their winter sale, which begins on Jan. 3. There are prizes to be found in every department. The entire stock of model gowns for morning, afternoon, and evening has been assembled into £5, £7, £8, and £10 groups; and winter coats of velour cloth trimmed with moleskin can be obtained for 63s., while a large number of early spring coats are marked at 98s. 6d. each. Jumper suits in wool and artificial silk, specially



Two delightful hats which are included in the winter sale at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., which begins on January 3. They are of satin and felt.

FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD

*The "A" Tennis Court*

PRINCE'S CLUB

A famous general once remarked that Prince's would make a fine hiding-place should London ever be captured. Few people, indeed, who pass along Knightsbridge have any idea of the spacious sports club which lies behind those unpretentious doors.

The tennis courts are unrivalled; in fact, the "A" tennis court is the accepted venue for the World's Championships. It is here that G. F. Covey will defend his title against Pierre Etchebaster (Paris) next May. There are, in addition to the racquet court and squash racquet courts, alleys for American bowls (a near relation of the ancient game of skittles).

Prince's was formed in 1853 by two brothers named Prince, who were supported by a number of members of the M.C.C. The club moved from its original open-air location in Hans Place to its present site in 1888.

After a strenuous game there is the Turkish bath, of which Prince's is rightfully proud; a splendidly appointed luncheon room and the restful calm of the panelled reading room. The club lost one-seventh of its members during the War — poignant testimony to the sterling character of its membership.

*By Appointment*.

John Haig

THE FATHER OF ALL SCOTCH WHISKIES
ESTABLISHED 1627

Since 1627 the Clubman's Whisky, chosen for its unswervingly high standard of quality, has been John Haig.



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

THE NEW BIANCHI.

THE most notable feature of the new 15-h.p. Bianchi, which I took out over one of my test runs a short time ago, is the silent running of the engine. This question of quiet-running engines is one that still remains a puzzle to most people. It is difficult to see why some engines are so very much noisier than others in this respect. Assuming that every manufacturer does his best to turn out an

operation is the ready acceleration. The top-speed gear-ratio is 4½ to 1; the third, 8 to 1; and the second, 10.75 to 1—which is, of course, fairly low for an engine of this power. But, even admitting this, the way in which the Bianchi gets away from about ten miles an hour and puts the speed indicator-needle on the forty miles or rather more, is remarkably refreshing.

The trick of changing speed, with one exception, is very easily learnt, and changes up and down on the intermediate gears can be done swiftly and practically noiselessly. Pulling back from top, however, into third, because the travel is very short and one is consequently rather inclined to hurry the change, may lead to a small scrape. The engine will "rev" (I wish someone would invent a respectable single word to describe this simple process) on the intermediate gears up to very high speeds without producing any noticeable vibration.

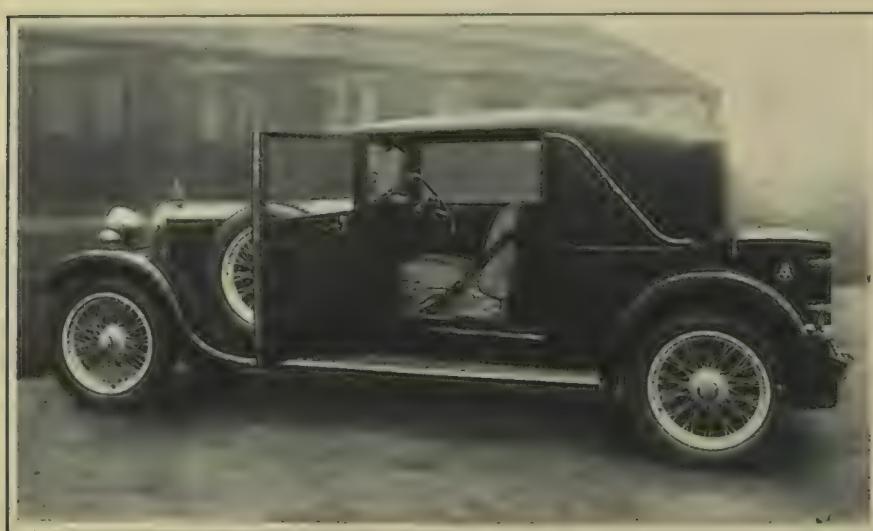
Its acceleration is remarkably swift, and it is only when you have occasion to use these powers of acceleration that you realise that there is a good deal more in this engine than you would gather from its behaviour. It sounds and feels rather of a sewing-machine type, extremely pleasant, but not, you would say, particularly exciting. It is when you want to pass things and when you happen to glance at the speed - indicator that you see how mistaken you are.

Like that of all the Bianchis I have ever driven, the springing is particularly good. Pretty big tyres were fitted to this car, but, even so, or perhaps in spite of these, I thought the suspension quite out of the way. The tyres may perhaps have accounted a little for the obliteration of small pot-holes, but, on the other hand, those long flexible springs most effectively killed any of that tendency of balloon tyres to make a car pitch. With this goes a most admirable degree of road-holding, and you can feel that, in the old phrase, the car is glued to the road. In this regard I suffered a slight

at moderate speeds was more likely due to incorrect tyre inflation than to any fault in design. As it was, the steering was rather too heavy, and not sufficiently positive to let me test it fully on corners.

The four-wheel brake system is quite first-class, and, as far as I was able to find out, perfectly compensated. The action is very smooth, and quite a moderate pressure on the pedal will give you absolute control of the car.

The maximum speed of this open touring car, with a standard body, is stated to be in the neighbourhood of 70 miles an hour. I had no opportunity during the run of even approaching such a figure—in fact, 49—50 was the maximum we touched. It



WITH WEYMAN BODY OF THE LATEST DESIGN: A 20-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER SUNBEAM BUILT SPECIALLY BY WEYMAN'S MOTOR BODIES, LTD., FOR MR. LOUIS COATALEN.

engine with a noiseless valve gear, it is very curious to find what widely different results are achieved.

With one or two outstanding exceptions, I was inclined myself, until I tried this Bianchi, to class overhead-valve gears, in the bulk, as always liable to be more noisy than the side-by-side type. The Bianchi, however, has knocked that theory to pieces. I have very seldom driven any engine of this type—that is to say, a four-cylinder of the rather specially efficient kind—which made less noise.

There is nothing special that I could discover about the overhead-valve gear, except that the tappet-rods are fitted with rather larger flat heads than usual, which may perhaps account to a certain extent for the increase of quietness. The bore and stroke of the four-cylinder engine are 78 by 120, the brake horsepower being announced as 54. The crank-shaft is specially balanced by Bianchi methods; the pistons are of aluminium alloy; and in most respects the engine, which is of the clean and tidy design we always expect to find in an Italian chassis, is on an orthodox plan. The cooling is by pump circulation, with a fan for use in hot weather.

The ignition is by combined magneto and dynamo, and the carburettor of the double type—that is to say, there are actually two complete carburettors serving one inlet. The gearbox gives four speeds, with right-hand control, the power from the engine being transmitted through a dry disc and Ferodo plate-clutch. Between the clutch and the gear - box are two ball-bearing universal joints. Suspension is by half-elliptic, fore and aft, the springs being unusually long, and assisted by the Hartford double - type shock - absorber to both axles.

On the road, the feature which immediately strikes you after this almost unique noiselessness of engine



BESIDE THE OLDEST OAK IN SURREY: A CROSSLEY "FOURTEEN" IN A VERY PICTURESQUE SETTING AT DUNSFOLD GREEN.

was my impression that once or twice we ought to have been able to reach a higher figure than this. I do not mean that the car is incapable of doing

60 or even 70, but it struck me that, with those very remarkable powers of acceleration up to 40, we should have been able, in a given space, to get well beyond 50 before meeting the usual road obstructions. It may be that the twin carburettors were suffering from a temporary flat spot or two. In any case, the flat spots, if any, did not make themselves felt until well over 45 miles an hour. An excellent average speed is easily and very comfortably maintained. It is in all respects a delightful car to drive, and its fine finish and generally good lines put it into that rather limited class of cars of pride.

The five - seated touring body, which is

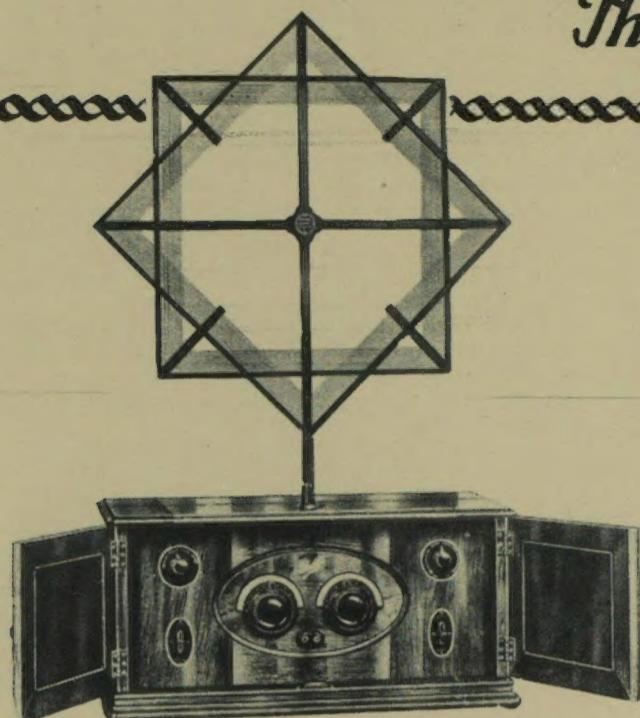


A "STABLE COMPANION" TO OUR "CAR OF THE WEEK": THE BIANCHI 15-50-H.P. SALOON.

disappointment, as I was unable to test the car for fast cornering owing to there being something slightly wrong with the steering. Bianchi steering is usually very good, but I can only think that the unsteadiness

of Italian manufacture, shows first-class workmanship, and of its type it is decidedly comfortable. The price of the car is £525, and it can be had finished in red, two shades of blue, and two shades of grey.

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CHRISTMAS NOTES.

EVERY year the Christmas cracker novelties produced by the famous firm of Brocks seem to grow more enticing—and this season surely they must have reached the apex of excellence and variety. The actual crackers include the "Stunts" kind, which contain flying toys and games, and are decorated with golden aeroplanes and flying men's heads; the large-sized Masks and Faces crackers, containing masks, moustaches, and noses; the Puzzle variety, with their ingenious toy contents; the Magician Fireworks, which are always such a delight to the young people; and many others. The Snowballs crackers are a delightful and original kind, consisting as they do of a round cracker resembling a snowball and containing head-dresses. There is also a large variety of Firework crackers called "The Flames," effective for decoration purposes, and containing excellent indoor fireworks; while the cracker bombs—Teofani's Big Bertha, which sends out a shower of cigarettes when lit, and the Conjuror's Hat Joke Bomb—are always certain of a welcome, and are amusing and original Christmas toys.

The famous De Reszke Virginias, deservedly known as "The Choice for the Voice," are a specially attractive Christmas gift, notably when in the decorated cabinet, holding 200, which is sold for 12s. This cabinet, which is 11½ inches long, is of beaten metal with an oxydised silver effect, has a blue Wedgwood panel in the lid, and is most distinctive. The same excellent cigarettes can be had in squared white-and-green-and-gold tins, sold in sealed cardboard packages, ready for posting—200 for 10s., 100 for 5s., 50 for 2s. 6d.—"ivory"-tipped or plain.

One naturally associates Christmas with good cheer, and it would surely be difficult to find any gift

that is more intimately associated with good cheer than Scotland's national beverage—whisky. Young's Mountain Dew—believed to be the oldest brand of blended Scotch whisky in existence, and a great favourite in nearly every country throughout the world—would make an ideal Christmas gift. It is old, mellow, and distinctly pleasing to the palate.

Everybody keeps a diary for practical everyday memoranda, and in these days of reminiscence-writing many people use them for literary purposes. Even brief notes of daily happenings form a record of rare interest in after years. In business, of course, a diary is essential. How extensive is the habit may be judged from the fact that one firm alone—Messrs. Charles Letts and Co.—sell more than two million diaries annually. This firm dates back to the time of George III., in whose reign John Letts, the founder, set up in the old Royal Exchange as a printer and stationer. For the coming year, Messrs. Letts provide excellent diaries of every sort—for little children, schoolboys and girls, housewives, business men, motorists, wireless, poultry and gardening enthusiasts, and many others. Particularly notable is the Magnet Calendar.

Festivities follow fast upon each other's heels at this season of the year, and the choice of a sparkling wine to stock her store cupboards and cellars is often a woman's responsibility, and is most important. To follow the lead of an expert majority is always a safe way, and the hostess who chooses Golden Guinea need have no fear. The wine, produce of the finest vineyards in Epernay, is medium dry in quality, and the delicate flavour of Muscat grape which characterises it is much appreciated by all connoisseurs.

An excellent Christmas gift for a man is an "Allegro" safety razor blade sharpener, which is an

automatic honer and stropper. In less than thirty seconds it enables the self-shaver to enjoy a perfectly smooth, easy shave each day in the year, and this useful little machine makes a good blade last six to twelve months. Complete in a solid leather case, the Allegro costs 2s. 6d., or 2s. without the case, and is sold on a fourteen days' free trial at Ingenuities, 23, Old Bond-Street, W.

The "At-a-Glance" Calendar (Bennet's patent) is a friend of the busy man, for by means of the ingenious little red frame which slides along to show the day of the week he can glance up from his desk and verify the date in a moment. "At-a-Glance" calendars are supplied in many forms and shapes. The large monthly "tear-off," covered in leatherette, with cord to hang, may be obtained in a 9d., 1s., or 2s. size. The Tablet diary, which shows a week at a view, is 1s.; and the Case Calendar model for re-filling may be obtained in linen or leather in various sizes, and can either be hung on the wall or stood up on a desk or table.

Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" will be broadcast during the afternoon of Sunday, Dec. 26, under the direction of Mr. Percy Pitt, with Miss Caroline Hatchard, Miss Mary Foster, Mr. Leonard Gowings, and Mr. Harold Williams as soloists. At 5.30 on the same day Mr. Seymour Hicks will read portions of Dickens's "Christmas Carol"; and in the evening listeners will hear Sandler and his orchestra from the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne.

On Boxing Day, the pantomime "Cinderella" will be broadcast from London between 7.30 and 9 p.m.; then an hour's music will be given by the British Chamber Music Players, followed by dance music by the Savoy bands. First-class variety turns will open the evening performance on Tuesday, Dec. 28, after which an "Arabian Nights" transmission will be heard.

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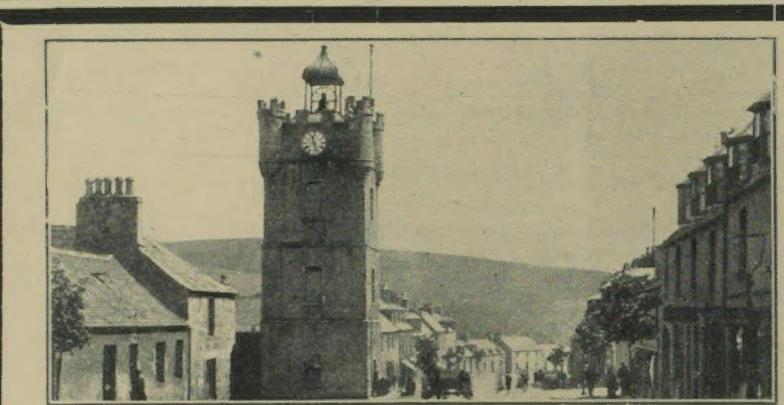


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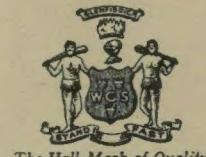
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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

CHRISTMAS NUTS.

In accordance with our usual practice, we present a selection of first-prize two-move problems that have come under our notice during the past year. Solutions of all or any are invited, and will be duly acknowledged.

No. 1.—By K. A. K. LARSEN.

WHITE.—K at Q B 4th, Q at Q R 2nd, R at K sq., Bs at K R 3rd and Q R sq., Kts at K 3rd and Q B 3rd.

BLACK.—K at K 4th, R at Q 3rd, B at Q 5th, Kt at Q B 2nd, Ps at K B 3rd, K B 5th and Q B 4th.

No. 2.—By E. E. WESTBURY.

WHITE.—K at Q Kt sq., Q at K 8th, Rs at K Kt 5th and Q sq., Bs at Q Kt 7th and Q R 7th, Kts at Q B 2nd and Q B 6th, P at K B 3rd.

BLACK.—K at Q 4th, Q at K B 4th, R at Q Kt 6th, Bs at K 3rd and K B 3rd, Kts at Q 5th and Q Kt 5th, Ps at K R 2nd, K B 3rd, K B 6th, Q 3rd, Q B 5th and Q Kt 7th.

No. 3.—By J. HARTONG.

WHITE.—K at Q R 8th, Q at K B 7th, Rs at K Kt 4th and K 6th, Bs at K 5th and Q B 6th, Kts at Q Kt 3rd and Q R 7th, Ps at Q B 2nd and Q R 3rd.

BLACK.—K at Q B 5th, Q at K R 7th, R at K B 7th, B at Q 2nd, Kt at K B 5th, Ps at K R 2nd and Q B 2nd.

No. 4.—By H. WEENINK.

WHITE.—K at Q R 7th, Q at K 8th, Rs at K R 6th and K B 3rd, Bs at K R 3rd and Q Kt 2nd, Kt at K B 5th, Ps at K R 7th, K R 4th, K Kt 3rd, K 7th, K 3rd, Q 6th and Q B 4th.

BLACK.—K at K 3rd, R at K Kt 2nd, Bs at K Kt 3rd and K Kt 8th, Kts at K B sq and Q Kt 5th, P at Q B 3rd.

No. 5.—By P. E. NENNYWAKO.

WHITE.—K at K 8th, Q at Q 2nd, Bs at K R 3rd and K R 8th, Kt at K 5th.

BLACK.—K at K 3rd, Rs at K 5th and Q B 4th, B at Q Kt 8th, Ps at K R 3rd, Q 3rd, Q B 2nd and Q B 5th.

No. 6.—By J. BUNTING.

WHITE.—K at Q Kt 5th, Q at Q B 8th, Rs at K 3rd and Q B 7th, Bs at K R 3rd and Q R 3rd, Kts at K R 7th and K B 6th, P at K Kt 6th.

BLACK.—K at K 2nd, Q at K 4th, Rs at K 8th and K B 2nd, B at K sq., Kt at K Kt 5th, Ps at K R 4th, K Kt 2nd, Q 2nd, Q B 4th and Q Kt 6th.

To these we are irresistibly compelled to add one more—awarded a certificate of distinction—although we have the direst forebodings of what will happen to us in consequence.

No. 7.—By T. SCHONBERGER.

WHITE.—K at Q Kt 5th, Q at K Kt 2nd, R at K 7th, Kt at K 6th.

BLACK.—K at K 4th.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3990 received from G F Heath (Spokane, Washington), and J E Houseman (Chicoutimi); of No. 3991 from H Heshmat (Cairo), Victor Holton (Oshkosh, Wisconsin), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), J E Houseman (Chicoutimi), and Frederick Schmaroff (Jackson City, Tenn.); of 3992 from J T Bridge (Colchester), E J Gibbs (East Ham), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), W H Terry (Cricklewood), J M K Lupton (Richmond), and V G Walron (Haslingden); and of No. 3993 from L W Cafferata (Farndon), J Hunter (Leicester), C H Watson (Masham), J W Smedley (Oldham), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), H W Satow (Bangor), A Edmiston (Worsley), S Caldwell (Hove), E G B Barlow (Richmond), and J P S (Cricklewood).

By the kindness of an esteemed correspondent in St. Louis, Mo., we are enabled to give the two following brevities for our usual Christmas fare.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Western Open Tournament, held at Chicago concurrently with that of the National Masters, between Messrs. L. H. WIGHT and Robert S. SCRIVENER.

(Queen's Pawn Opening, Budapest Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. W.) BLACK (Mr. S.)

1. P to Q 4th K Kt to B 3rd

2. P to Q B 4th P to K 4th

3. P takes P Kt to K Kt 5th

4. Q to Q 4th P to Q 3rd

5. P takes P B takes P

6. K Kt to B 3rd Castles

7. P to K R 3rd Q Kt to B 3rd

8. Q to Q sq. Kt takes B P

9. K takes Kt B to B 4th (ch)

Another game in the same Tournament between Messrs. H. STEINER and J. L. BRANDER.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. S.) BLACK (Mr. B.)

1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th

2. P to Q B 4th K Kt to B 3rd

3. P takes P Q takes P

4. Q Kt to B 3rd Q to Q sq

5. P to K 4th P to K R 3rd

6. B to Q B 4th P to Q B 3rd

7. Kt to B 3rd B to Kt 5th

8. Kt to K 5th B to K 3rd

9. B takes B P takes B

10. B to K 3rd Q to R 4th

White was evidently unacquainted with this variation of the defence, and practically lost the game by his fourth move. Black's sacrifice of his Kt, however, was very smart, and forces the game in brilliant style.

Black loses time in the opening, and blunders into his 7th move, after which he could scarcely be saved. The final catastrophe was, of course, an oversight, but the game was already lost.

Our usual Problem and Answers are unavoidably held over until our next issue.

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